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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GARIBALDI AND HIS LEGION.

WE are glad to be able to present our readers with a portrait of the famous Italian patriot Garibaldi, whose exploits on the slopes of the Alps are at present in every one's mouth. We also give an engraving of the uniform of his troops.

Joseph Garibaldi is the type of the gallant soldier of fortune, to whom the excitement of war is a necessity; but who, when his country's opportunity arrives, is never found wanting among her defenders. Of all the Italian patriots of 1848 he is, without doubt, the ablest, most sensible, and most respectable.

He was born at Nice, fifty-two years ago, of a good family. While yet a lad, he entered the naval service of Sardinia, and distinguished himself by several acts of bravery; but having taken part in a revolutionary movement at Genoa in 1834, he was obliged to fly the country. He took refuge in France, and shortly afterward accepted a command in the fleet of the Bey of Tunis. A very few months' service disgusted him with the Moors, and he sailed from the Mediterranean to South America, where war was raging on the La Plata. He offered his services to the President of Uruguay, and obtained the command of the fleet which was dispatched against Buenos Ayres. His occupation was destroyed shortly afterward by the Anglo-French intervention; but, nothing disconcerted, Garibaldi raised a partisan corps of 3000 men, and fought gallantly for a long period of time against Rosas.

Altogether he spent many years in South America, winning golden opinions, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of partisan warfare. He married a South American lady, whose beauty was as remarkable as her courage and devotion to her husband. She accompanied him in all his military movements, was by his side at the time of his greatest dangers, and died at last, of fatigue and distress of mind, during the disastrous retreat from Rome.

In 1848 the cry of Italian liberty reached Garibaldi in South America, and in a few weeks he was on Italian soil. The champion of Italy, then as now, was the King of Sardinia; to him Garibaldi offered his sword, and readily obtained the command of a *corps d'armée* to operate on those very same Alpine slopes where we hear of his victories now. He knows the ground, and the people know him. During the brief but disastrous war of 1848-'49 Garibaldi achieved wonders; but Piedmont was overmatched, and the day came when the gallant partisan was compelled to lay down his arms. He settled in Piedmont, became a member of the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, and took a leading part as a member of the opposition.

The proclamation of the Roman Republic again roused him to action. He called his faithful legion together, and arrived at Rome in time to take the lead in the restoration of order. He had at this time with him Mazzini and all the other Italian patriots, very few of whom could compare with him in respect of experience or common sense, though not unfrequently their noisiness gave them an advantage over him with the Roman populace. The moment was critical. Rome was about to be attacked by the French. The French general, Oudinot, who perhaps had never heard of Garibaldi, despised his preparations for defense. He sent against him a corps of 3000 French troops, which Garibaldi very quickly defeated, and sent flying back in confusion. Another enemy—5000 Neapolitans—marching upon Palestrina, Garibaldi hastened to meet them too, and with his legion, 3000 strong, he utterly routed them. Within a day or two afterward, at Velletri, he was equally successful, and was badly wounded. So unequal a contest, however, could not last long. The French were steadily advancing on Rome, and all that could be done was to prepare the old city to stand a siege. This Garibaldi did so well, that, though the fortifications, as every one knows, are in a ruinous condition, he held the French at bay for a whole month, to the amazement of their generals, and the great indignation of the Emperor. When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to fly with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recompense of the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms, let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made good his escape to the little republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.—[FROM A LATE PORTRAIT.]

GARIBALDI'S CHASSEURS OF THE ALPS.

It was now evident to the practical mind of Garibaldi that the revolutionary movement was crushed, and that further resistance would be hopeless. He made up his mind resolutely to dismiss politics from his thoughts till a better time came, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. After a brief stay at Genoa he sailed for New York.

He spent some time here. A candle factory, which he established on Staten Island in conjunction with the celebrated tenor singer, Lorenzo Salvi, defrayed his expenses for a while. But the wily singer was more than a match, in business matters, for the patriot, and the candle factory failed. Garibaldi then started off to California, which was then the "promised land" for all adventurers. Shortly after his arrival there, an American vessel in the port of San Francisco lost her captain; the post was offered to Garibaldi, who accepted it, sailed to China, and thence to Peru. In the latter country he could not resist an offer which was made to him of the chief command of the Peruvian army; but the Peruvian tactics, it would seem, did not exactly please him. He took the first opportunity of returning to his early vocation—the sea. For several years he commanded trading vessels, which not unfrequently sailed to New York, where Garibaldi was always received as a hero by his fellow-countrymen. His last employment was as commander of a Genoese steamer.

The legion with which he is driving the Austrians from Northern Lombardy is chiefly composed of his old comrades in arms, recruited by young men of high character. He knows the value of good men, and will not accept any recruit who can not bring excellent references. A very large number of Italian noblemen are serving under his orders. A letter in the Paris *Siècle* says of his men:

"There is not a regiment in Europe where discipline is more severely carried out than in the companies of volunteers. Garibaldi chooses the men, and when he does not personally know those who

come and offer their services to him he does not accept them without good references. This volunteer corps is composed, besides, in great part, of young men belonging to the best families of Naples, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and especially of Milan.

"There is at this moment, at the Great Britain Hotel, in Turin, a very rich Milanese countess, whose two sons are volunteers. The elder is twenty-two and the younger nineteen. The mother of these two young soldiers has taken up her residence in Turin that she may be near her children. She can not see them, for they are fighting at the front posts, but she receives news from them every day, and will not return to Lombardy until the Franco-Sardinian army shall have itself entered at the point of the bayonet.

"Do not suppose this lady to be a matron of ancient Rome. All her days are passed in dread and tears. At every moment she is afraid of some disastrous news, and every unexpected letter makes her tremble. Being very pious, she has two masses said every morning that God may turn aside from the breasts of her sons the Austrian bullets. We are not made of such sorry stuff, you see, as the journals friendly to Austria would fain have it believed.

"To speak to you frankly, our scape-graces would not have frightened me, from the moment especially when fighting with Gyulai's soldiers was in question; and on my first journey to Turin, on meeting under the arcades all these young fellows—I was going to say striplings—who were getting ready to go and fight under Garibaldi's orders, I asked myself if it would not have been better for the papers I spoke of but now to have stated the truth. Now, however, there is no longer a doubt about the courage, the moral strength, and determinations of these nobles, so young, indeed, who have flocked in from all parts of Italy. Full of confidence in their chief, they follow him wherever he wishes to lead them, and harass incessantly the enemy night and day—not an hour at rest, always on the march, and with the musket forever on the shoulder. In less than a month these children have become old soldiers. They have abandoned every thing—they, the inheritors of great names and large fortunes—for servitude, the platter, and the hard camp-couch. These dukes, marquises, counts, these latest scions of the oldest patrician stocks, have become simple soldiers warring for independence. Spare, then, these proud children, who are followed by the anxious eyes of their mothers, all disdain and insult. Let calumny at least respect such noble hearts, who will be an eternal honor to Italy, their country."

Their title is *Chasseurs des Alpes*. They consist of two fine regiments, of two thousand men each, and a squadron of *Guides*, who serve as a staff and make *reconnoissances*. The latter are almost universally mounted at their own expense. The *Chasseurs* wear a green tunic with white trimming over the shoulders. The corps of Guides wear a gray jacket with black trimming, in the hussar fashion, large trowsers of the same color, a sabre, and a Colt's revolver. They are always ahead on their good chargers, and are much feared by Austrian sharp-shooters and Croat marauders.

Garibaldi himself, when he was at Rome, was clad in a most picturesque though eccentric costume—half Spanish and half Italian of the Middle Ages. The *manto* has been got rid of, and the Garibaldi of the present day has assumed the elegant uniform of a Piedmontese general. Every body wishes well to him and his corps.

Count Ala Ponzone, a rich nobleman from Cremona, has sent from Paris a battery of eight guns, three horses, and 8000 francs, to be given as a patriotic present to the corps of Garibaldi.

The relatives of Garibaldi reside in Rome, the brave defender of that city being now an exile from the very place he once defended, and forbidden by its government to enter its gates. His two sisters belong to a wealthy and aristocratic family, but on account of the republican sentiments of their famous brother they are closely watched, and not allowed to send any of their property out of the city. They are themselves desirous of leaving Rome, but are, to all intents and purposes, effectually prohibited from doing so.

DROWNED!

WHERE the mud lies black and slimy,
Where the waters sweep along,
Where the wharfmen, stout and grimy,
Heave and haul with many a song—
Heaving still
With a will,
Every coming dray to fill;
Hauling, with a laugh and shout,
Bales of wondrous size about;
Straining to the ponderous weight
Of the good ship's wealthy freight.

Where the wide and swelling river
Rolls in one perpetual rhyme,
Where the gracious winds deliver
Glorious things from every clime—
Stuffs to wear,
Spices rare,
Lie in heaps, or scent the air—
Where the merchant, full of gold,
Welcomes home the seaman bold;
Where each heart, its love confess'd,
Clasps the loved one to the breast.

Where the soft-voiced land-breeze ever
Hums its tune by mast and shroud,
Where the rough-tongued master never
Ceases crying to the crowd—
"With a haul,
Lubbers all,
Stretch your muscles to the fall!"
Where the never-ceasing flow,
Man above, and waves below,
Night and day, pours on and off,
Mingling at the city wharf.

There the vagrant boy is standing
With a ghastly, frightened air;
While each lounger is demanding
What he sees to make him stare.
Still his eyes
Grow in size
As his stammering speech he tries;
And his finger points below,
Where the waters ebb and flow.
Still his lips give forth no sound
But a hoarsely whispered "Drowned!"

Where the planks are green and rotten,
Sending forth a sickening steam,
Where the daylight is forgotten,
And the wharf-rat reigns supreme—
In his eyes
Fierce surprise
At his toothsome human prize:
Squeaking, gibbering forth a cry,
As the crash above goes by;
Heeding neither man nor horse
In his battles o'er the corse.

With a crow-bar to the planking,
With the tackle and the fall,
With a heave, and with a clanking,
Shivering hands give willing haul.
There he lies!
Open eyes
Turned toward the sunlit skies—
There he lies in oozing slime,
Heedless of the place and time;
Heedless of the gazing throng,
Heedless of the clash and song.

Sunlight falls like shadows fading,
Still the song goes on aloud—
Still with gaze that seems upbraiding
Stares the dead man on the crowd.
Hours fly
Swiftly by;
Sunset darkens on the sky
Ere the lingering men and boys
Hear the dead-cart's rumbling noise
O'er the distant stone-clad ground,
Coming for the man that's "Drowned."

Had his limbs been clothed in scarlet,
Were his linen rich and rare,
Had he been the veriest varlet,
Tainting God's own perfumed air,
Would he lie,
While hours fly,
Staring sightless to the sky?
Would the crowd so careless stand
If a gem gleamed on his hand?
Would they sing, and laugh around,
Were he better dress'd when "Drowned?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

AMERICAN OPINION ON THE WAR IN EUROPE.

WITHIN the past six years there have been three great wars in which European nations have engaged—the Crimean war, the war in India, and the present war in Italy. In none of these had the United States any interest, direct or remote; but the people of the United States felt and expressed decided sympathies for one side or the other in each of them. A study of the facts goes to show that Americans, as a rule, are much less influenced by their prejudices than is commonly supposed, but are governed by principles which, perhaps, they might not always be prepared to define, but which, nevertheless, exercise general sway over the mind of the nation.

During the Crimean war the sympathies of this country were unequivocally with Russia. There were a few presses and persons here and there—connected in one way or another with England or France—whose feelings were on the side of the Allies. But that the American people at large felt more friendly to the Russians than to their enemies, every observer must have perceived. Many writers have puzzled themselves to discover the cause of our Russian sympathy. There was no principle involved in the war. Liberty was not at stake on either side. As between the hostile nations, in view of humanity, there was nothing to choose: the Zouaves are as savage as the Cossacks, and the English sacked the museum at Kertch. The English papers tried hard to show that the war was one of civilization against barbarism; but this ridiculous assumption imposed on no one. Americans saw plainly enough that the Turk was at least as barbarous as the Russian, and that civilization had little to expect from success on either side. Driven, therefore, to their wits' end to account for the decided sympathies felt by Americans for the Russians, the writers who examined the subject came to the conclusion that we were biased by latent jealousy of England and anti-British prejudice. We are of opinion that the judgment was unwarranted, and that its authors ascribed undue influence to certain Irish orators and petty politicians, who, they supposed, had been the means of exciting that jealousy and that prejudice. We are inclined to think that the American sympathy for Russia grew altogether out of the belief—which was general in this country—that the war was unnecessary, that Russia was overmatched, and that two powerful maritime Powers had clubbed together to bully and humiliate a third. It is a fact that so long as the war was confined to Turkey, our sympathies were with the Turks; during the whole of Omar Pacha's campaign on the Danube Russia had no friends in this country. It was only when the Allies landed and concentrated their "infernal fire" on Sebastopol; when Todtleben, by prodigies of genius, withstood the assaults of enemies infinitely superior to him in numbers, in guns, and in resources of every kind; when the Russians died by the thousand a day, but held firm to their fortress—it was only then that American sympathy pronounced itself decidedly in favor of Russia. We infer from these facts that that sympathy was merely the natural feeling awakened by heroic resistance against overwhelming odds, that it implied no particular liking for Russia, and no extreme prejudice against England.

This view is confirmed by the decided sympathy felt throughout this country for Great Britain in the war in India. On the face of it, it would not have seemed unnatural had our people sympathized with the Hindoos who appeared to be fighting for independence and liberty. But the contempt and loathing elicited by one or two Irish demonstrations in favor of the Sepoys showed clearly which way the tide of feeling flowed; and the honors paid to the memory of Havelock afforded a still more emphatic illustration of our sympathy with England. The fact was the more remarkable as the vices and oppression of the East India Company were well known in the United States. We, republicans, who had wrested our independence from England eighty years before, not only felt no kindred feeling for another people engaged in the same struggle against the same foe, under circumstances even more aggravated than those which had roused the American Colonies to arms, but actually expressed ardent sympathy for the oppressor, sorrowed over his disasters, and rejoiced at his victories. The secret of this very singular fact will be found in the general conviction among Americans that the Hindoo is incapable of maintaining unaided even the imperfect civilization sustained by the English in India; that his success would have been the prelude to an era of barbarism and bloodshed; and that the English *raj*, with all its faults, was susceptible of amelioration. Americans saw that no good—to humanity and civilization—could result from the expulsion of the British from India, and the coronation of Nena Sahib as despot; and they believed that the mutiny would lead to a correction of the abuses of English rule, and an elevation of the country in the scale of nations. The sympathy based upon these principles was assisted by the Sepoy atrocities; but its real basis was what we have stated.

Now we have a third war, and again American sympathy is decided. This time its source is clear and plain. We sympathize with the Italians because they are fighting for liberty and independence against a Power whose very name is synonymous with oppression, cruelty, absolutism, superstition, and all the worst vices of the feudal system. We sympathize with Napoleon because we believe that he is honest in his desire to free Italy and his declaration that he does not seek conquest.

The writers who, in reviewing the course of public opinion in the United States during the Crimean War, have descanted on the inveterate anti-British prejudice of Americans, and on their singular love for Russia, must reconsider their views. The American mind is active, and the national heart very susceptible; but the bent of the one and the yearnings of the other are not based on such light and discreditable grounds as many have supposed.

THE NAPOLEON BUGBEAR.

KOSSUTH has made another of his wonderful speeches to the people of Manchester. His subject was the war. He told his hearers that he highly approved their neutrality, because it was the best thing for England; but for his part he heartily sympathized with France and Sardinia. Perhaps, said he, Napoleon may have other designs to which the liberation of Italy is only a prelude. Of this he (Kossuth) could say nothing, as he was not in the Emperor's confidence. But one thing he could say, namely, that if Italy, having regained her independence through French aid, became subject to France as she is subject to Austria, it would be her own fault. And he also knew that, whatever Napoleon's secret wish may be, the visions of conquest imputed to him could only lead him to another St. Helena: his interest clearly lies the other way.

It will be curious to watch what effect these weighty truths will have on the mind of the British public. John Bull is so obstinate a fellow, as a general rule, that it takes years of suffering and prodigious punishment to cure him of his prejudices when once rooted. It cost England nearly twenty years of war, forty years of deferred reforms, and over fifteen hundred millions of dollars, to learn that it was ridiculous on her part to go to war to keep Continental despots on their thrones. We must now see whether the anti-Napoleonic prejudice, which seems to have seized upon at least a portion of the British people, will require as severe a treatment for its cure.

A most pitiable spectacle to all admirers of great intellectual power is the London *Times* in these days. How it shuffles and wriggles to escape the merited penalty for its stupid blundering about the Russian treaty! How it distorts facts and falsifies history to make out a case for the Austrians! With what consummate malevolence does it continue to misrepresent Napoleon and his army!

Thus we learn from that "leading journal of Europe" that the peasantry of Lombardy are the best friends of Austria, and risked their lives to save the Austrian soldiers from drowning in the Po at Frassinetto; that Gyulai's troops, who stripped Vercelli, Novara, and other cities of every thing portable, and bastinadoed the magistrates where the booty was light, behaved with the utmost gentleness; that Austrian officers, many of whom have become infamous for brutality, are invariably pinks of propriety and *preux chevaliers*; that the war has been got up by a few lawyers of Turin, who want to conquer Lombardy; that the battle of Montebello, in which 5000 French thrashed 15,000 Austrians, reflects no credit on the French; that France, which has just offered the Emperor $500,000,000 in money to carry on the war, is bankrupt; and so on to the end of the chapter.

It will be curious to watch how long the British will be content with such disingenuous balderdash as this. There is, unhappily, an innate jealousy of every thing French in England, as there is of every thing English in France; the British aristocracy, too, may be presumed to be more friendly to the Hapsburgs than to the Bonapartes; between the two it is possible that such ingenious mischief-makers as the London *Times* may contrive to drive England into the war on the side of despotism, cruelty, oppression, and wrong. Such an event would be shocking to all but the gloomy philosophers who are always preaching about the perversity of mankind. But more unlikely things have happened.

GINSENG.

A VERY remarkable piece of intelligence reaches us from the far West. In Minnesota villages are deserted by their people, who have flocked to the woods to seek—not for gold, but for a little root known as ginseng.

This root is the most popular medicine in China. The Chinese doctors have written whole libraries, we are told, to prove that it will cure all diseases, from a headache to a broken leg or old age. Accordingly the people of China buy all the ginseng they can get at its weight in gold: and as the plant of which it is the root—the *panax quinquefolia* of botanists—is only found on some high mountains in Tartary and in parts of our far West, there is no reason why they should not pay handsomely for it.

The export of ginseng from this country has thus far been invoiced at something under $200,000 a year; but as very little attention has been bestowed on its production or collection, it is probable that a much larger quantity might be exported if the residents of the regions where it is found were to make a business of it. A medicine which is universally esteemed among three hundred millions of people can not well be produced in too large quantities.

We hope, therefore, that our friends in Minnesota will stick to ginseng gathering, and will take measures to renew the crop. The papers of that region notice already that the export of ginseng has squared the exchanges between New York and Minnesota. It will do more than this. It would have been a great thing for the West if the poor creatures who have gone to starve and devour each other at Pike's Peak had set out in search not of gold but of ginseng.

☞ AT the request of Mr. C. H. Stanley, who has lately contributed a chess column to the *Weekly*, we regret to state that the impossibility of finding room for it has compelled us to discontinue its publication.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROFESSOR JAEGER AND MR. DITSON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

A FEW days since I bought a book entitled "The Life of North American Insects," by B. Jaeger, late Professor of Zoology, etc., in the College of New Jersey. I found it an instructive and a very entertaining work; but imagine my surprise when, among the *Coleoptera*, I discovered my own name.

It seems that the author traveled in the Crimea in 1825, and becoming acquainted with a widow whom I had not the honor of knowing, heard a different story from the one told me concerning the learned and lamented Pallas. Mr. Jaeger may be perfectly correct in his version of the affair—and probably is so—and I am doubtless deserving to some extent of the censure implied where he speaks of "the superficial and one-sided view of things a traveler is liable to take who rapidly passes through a country and receives his impressions from only partial sources;" for I did pass somewhat rapidly through the country on my way to Circassia (in 1847), and may have occasionally received very wrong impressions. I have, however,

the satisfaction of knowing that I belong to a very large class who finds imperfection to be almost a part of its nature: indeed, if Mr. Jaeger himself will consult Sir William Jones's "Supplement to Ind. Chron.," and Higgins's "Anacalypsis,"p. 334, he may discover that he has given in his new entomological work an erroneous impression concerning the famous "Argonautic expedition"—an error I have also committed in my "Circassia." And if he will further carefully examine the writings of Higgins, of Dupuis, of Volney, of Maurice, of General F. V. Vincent, copies of the icons in the Hindoo temples, etc., etc., he will laugh at himself, when, on turning to page 180 of said "Life of North American Insects," he re-reads "how dearly we pay for the primal fall."

I am very glad, if my statement be false, that it evinces no ill-will toward the distinguished naturalist or the Russian Government—that it simply shows an unfortunate result produced by Catharine II.'s misconstruction of Pallas's zeal. Mr. Jaeger does not *prove*, however, that I was wrong. Indeed, his own words go to sustain me; for he says that, "*after* the death of the Empress, Pallas sold a great portion of the estates she had given him, and returned to his native place." How I obtained my information respecting Pallas's exile I do not now remember, but probably from a Russian, or rather Georgian, officer with whom I was traveling, and who was himself (so he told me) returning to his home in Tiflis, after a ten years' exile—much like that which I suppose Pallas suffered.

Hoping that Professor Jaeger will receive the above remarks with the same friendly feeling that dictates them, and that he will live many years to give us other valuable works, such as in his love of the natural sciences, and with his eminent abilities he is so capable of producing, I have the honor to subscribe myself, with profound consideration,

His very obedient servant,

G. L. Ditson.

Mansion House, Brooklyn, *May* 30.

THE LOUNGER.

BOMBA.

Some few years since, when our lounging was along the Chiaja in Naples, a murmur ran through the street, one sunny afternoon, and an open wagon, with one seat, driven by a man, who looked like a bloated, boobyish boy, and followed by two grooms on horseback, rapidly approached. Every body stopped and turned, most of the spectators bowed, but nobody cried or thought God bless you! The big-faced man drove on without taking the least notice of the respect offered to him.

It *was* a booby—a despot—a tyrant—a Bourbon—the King Bomba of Naples.

Ten years afterward there were thirteen thousand political prisoners in his dominions, treated with every conceivable barbarism. No king of modern times has been so detested, or so resembled the mean tyrants of history. And this King literally rotted to death.

It is terrible to think of. The torments he had caused others were concentrated upon himself. Neither the blood of Januarius, nor a linen shirt which the Pope sent, could avail against a mortal and loathsome disease. Probably not a soul in the world wanted him to live, for any love it bore him. Probably scores of thousands of men rejoiced in the thought of every pang that rent him. His Queen was busy intriguing for her son against her husband's eldest heir. He died; the world is well rid of him. May God show him the mercy he denied to other men!

If the result of the war shall only be a united Italy—an Italy which secures to the lovely shores of Naples Bay the moderate government of Sardinia, and utterly extirpates every vestige of the terrible tyranny of the Bourbons, every lover of liberty will rejoice.

MORE CHAMPIONSHIP.

While the great powers of Europe are throwing down bloody gauntlets, England and America are exchanging friendly challenges of emulation in kindly encounters of intellectual skill and scientific recreation. Mr. Howard Staunton, indeed, lost his laurels without even fighting for them. He tried to sneer at Paul Morphy, but feared to play with him.

But now Mr. Roberts, who appears upon good authority to be more renowned as a billiard player than any man who ever lived, has dispatched a commissioner (!)—such is the proper description—authorized to treat with Mr. Michael Phelan, who is our best player.

Ten thousand dollars a side, and "more if desired." That is to begin with; Mr. Roberts to have five hundred dollars for his traveling expenses from England. Each player would naturally have preferred the game usually played in his country; but they gallantly compromise upon the French three-ball carom.

The commissioner has returned to England, and should nothing unforeseen occur, the high contracting parties will play an international game of billiards some time during the next autumn.

Let us hope that the one who is beaten will not immediately challenge the victor to another game. Let it be understood that either one game, or one rubber, settles the question. And if any body objects to the balls, or the cushions, or the table, or the cues, or has the rheumatism, let him object before he is beaten, and not after.

TALK OF KOSSUTH AND THE WAR.

With a steamer every three days, and the constant expectation of a great battle, of course the war is the chief topic of the moment.

Kossuth has made a speech at the London Tavern, which is very interesting as showing the view taken by an enthusiastic liberal leader of the chances and conduct of the struggle. His view was considered important enough by the London *Times* to be considered and combated in a long article. And the article is a singular illustration of the reckless ability of that paper. It deliberately disfigures the well-known fundamental political theory of Kossuth, and insists that in his view the war is "sentimental and geographical." It asserts that, according to Kossuth, "it is absolutely necessary, in the nature of things, that the country south of the Alps should not be profaned by the presence of a people speaking a language with many consonants and few vowels, seeing that it has been reserved by the express order of Providence for a nation speaking a language in which vowels greatly predominate."

This is puerile and not powerful ridicule. It is the traditional John Bull sneering at what it calls "political sentimentalism." The *Times* says that Kossuth has no wish to lighten any burden that rests upon the Italian people. Oh no! not at all. He merely wishes to restore the vowels.

Now Kossuth's political theory is very simple. A great state, he insists, can only exist by the natural cohesion of nationality. That is to say, its limits must be determined by its nationality. In proof of this he points to every great living nation but one. Each one of them is founded upon a nationality—that is, a community of race, language, and history—except one, and that is Austria, which is a mere aggregation of parts of different nationalities, without the slightest inward or natural cohesion, and only held together by the most brutal despotism.

As the treaties of Vienna recognized this anomaly, they ought to be torn. Austria has, upon just national grounds, no more right in Italy than she has in England, and ought to be turned out. To do this effectually she ought to be driven within her own borders, and there, as a political monster, destroyed. Then the balance of power, which is the reason that induces other Governments to support her, would be more than maintained by the states that would spring out of her several nationalities. The object of the war, therefore, ought to be the total humiliation of Austria.

The question what would be the guarantee of England against France in case of an utter rout of the Austrians is answered in what Kossuth says of the balance of power, which would be merely changed in its parts.

Against this timely and vigorous and eloquent programme the London *Times* has nothing to oppose but ridicule. Its sole argument is a laugh at Kossuth for believing in the good sense of Louis Napoleon; averring that the destruction of Austria would be the ruin of England.

Now Louis Napoleon is not likely to become a saint immediately; but no man is shrewder than he. His object is to confirm his seat—not to humiliate England. The London *Times* seems to think that the ultimate end of Louis Napoleon is to revenge Waterloo! But a man of his experience and common sense knows perfectly well that the time for great military conquests is passed. Kossuth's law of nationality, which is just, prevents such conquests. They belonged to the plans of the great Napoleon because he belonged to the last age. In spirit he was a son of the Middle Ages, and not of the nineteenth century. But Louis Napoleon, perfectly unscrupulous and profoundly ambitious, has proved that he is not a fool. It is very likely that he may push Austria over the brink of ruin—but not until England and Prussia and Russia are ready.

And that will not be very long. For each of them must see that there is no other possible end to the war but the expulsion of the Austrians from the peninsula, which is, virtually, her reduction to a second-rate power—and yet they remain neutral.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

Plenty of fun has been poked at some noted gentlemen in Boston for having given a dinner to Paul Morphy, at which they ate and said and sang a great many good things. The persons implicated in this Symposium have been lightly let off when they have been called "modern Athenians," "Boston wits," or "mutual admirers." This style is the mere grape of objurgation, suitable to showering offenders over the wine.

There have been heavier words used—so that if the objection were justly taken that the Boston occasion and the performances were disproportioned, it might be very fairly retorted that the performances were not less suited to the occasion than the criticism to the performances.

If the cannoneer laugh to see the solemnity and length of tongue with which the chameleon devours a fly, what bursts of merriment shall not explode about the cannoneer who brings out his seventy-four to destroy the chameleon?

If we look into the matter a little, it may not be so very clear that the Boston banquet was so exquisitely ludicrous after all. It is, undoubtedly, the fate of Boston, just now, to contain an exceedingly clever and brilliant circle of variously-noted men. They are no less genial, it seems, than they are accomplished. By comes another clever fellow—so clever that, in his way, he has no rival—so clever that his name is familiar, and his peculiar successes are mentioned with pride in the summary of news from foreign countries—in fact, the cleverest player of the cleverest game in the world, a game which, by common consent, occupies an intellectual pre-eminence among all games.

Thereupon the Boston clever fellows say, "Let us give him a dinner, and eat and be merry. We'll have good things to eat, good wine to drink, good tobacco to smoke; and if any body, old or young, legal or clerical or Presidential or Senatorial or Professorial, or oriole of any kind, can say or sing something eloquent, or graceful, or gay, it shall be no shame to him and no harm to us."

So they had their dinner, and their speeches, and songs. But the droll part is, that while those who were at the feast enjoyed it exceedingly, those who were not seem to have had no enjoyment of it at all. They are sure that the grapes were sour. They are ready to swear that the chief men at the dinner like each other; that they admire each other's humor and genius; that they see the point of each other's jokes; that they acknowledge each other's eloquence, and don't give themselves up to bitterness and envy because their friends are clever as well as themselves.

And after all, if Agassiz will persist in being one of the most eminent living savans—if Emerson will be a recognized scholar and philosopher—if Peirce will be our great mathematician—if Everett and Wendell Phillips will be our most finished and famous orators—if Longfellow and Lowell will be counted in among our chief poets—if the Quincys, and Holmes, and Starr King will be witty, and other men who happen to live in Boston will be scholars and orators and authors of reputation, what shall we do about it?

Because one of them, in an exuberant gush of spirits, calls Boston the hub of the universe, why should we, who are mere outside spokes, get hot? There are always two distinct remedies in the case. One is, to call New York the metropolis of America. That gives great consolation to the patient. The other is, to remember that Poe called Boston "Frogpondia," which is also very soothing to lacerated feelings.

We have read carefully the published offenses of these provincial persons, which have sometimes found their way to the metropolis from the shores of their congenial Frogpond, but upon no page of Agassiz's Introduction to the Natural History of America, nor in any book of Emerson's, or any poem of Longfellow's or Lowell's, or any history of Prescott's or Motley's, or any romance of Hawthorne's, or any essay of Whipple's, or plea of Dana, or speech of Choate, have we detected any treasonable insinuation against the majesty of the metropolis. They do not malign Irving, or Bryant, or Bancroft, or Beecher, or Chapin, or any man eminent in his calling.

To be sure they will have an occasional good dinner, as in the present instance, and they will not confine themselves to platitudes afterward. Even a chief justice will say something pleasant—even a mathematician will not be insufferable—even a college president will become a man for the nonce—and scholars and clergymen sparkle and shine.

But the occasion!

Yes—that's it. The occasion. If it had only been the return of somebody who had been paid how many thousands a year for not speaking the language of the country in which he lived, and misrepresenting the country he came from—if it had only been some military chieftain—somebody who had always voted with his party through thick and thin—some General William Walker—then guns and trumpets and colossal banners would have been in order—then you might give a dinner, and welcome!

But for a company of clever men to dine a clever man, and say clever things at table, simply because they choose to enjoy themselves, pah! it is paltry, and provincial, and self-admiring to a perfectly metropolitan degree.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Public men and institutions of every kind, as well as all great enterprises of commerce and trade, are necessarily subject to the sharpest criticism, both public and private. Many a man and many bodies of men are seriously concerned to know what to do when attacks are made upon them; but there is happily one very simple thing which should always be done under such circumstances. That is—nothing.

The appeal to the public is useless, for the public cares nothing about the difficulty, and will not inform itself correctly. A man who rushes into print upon every personal provocation is a man who perpetually writes himself down an ass. He unbosoms his woes to a confidant who despises him for his confidence.

Every editor and publisher of every book or periodical receives regularly with every mail objurgatory and critical letters; letters of advice; letters of complaint; letters of commendation; and, as we mentioned two or three weeks ago, letters of abuse, chiefly anonymous.

If the editor should fill his publication with notices, explanations, and defenses of all these things, the public would throw it in the fire and stop the subscription. The public would justly say, We don't want to hear about your private affairs. Do, for Heaven's sake! wash your linen out of sight.

So, when any business is conducted according to a thoughtfully-matured policy, it need not stop to kick the snarlers or to snarl back again. Success is always a moon for scores of dogs to bay at. Let the successful man rival his compeer of the moon, and remain calm and superior.

The moment a reply, whether direct or indirect—whether in the shape of insinuated ridicule, or solemn cavil, or open denunciation—is extorted from one man, or business, or publication, by the satire or abuse or misrepresentation of another, there is one first and final impression on the mind of the reader. He says to himself, "I must see that other article, because this reply is evidently the sudden recoil of being touched upon the raw." The reply, in fact, is accepted as proof in full that the attack had a sting of truth in it.

The impressive impersonality of a paper or periodical, for instance—that steady pursuit of its own course, as if there were never a pebble in the way—disdaining to account for itself to any contemporary, either by defending its course or by retorting sneer for sneer, is the highest method it can propose to itself.

The reason is, that every business, like every man, is really judged by what it is, not what it professes. How many novels are published every week which are announced as the greatest works of the age, and which, for that very reason, are known to be almost worthless by every body who reads the advertisement! Wares are puffed in proportion to their worthlessness. And every attack upon a neighbor is an indirect puffing of one's self, which is perceived directly, and returns to plague the puffer.

Pure puffery rarely succeeds. Barnum was called a humbug; but Barnum gave us Jenny Lind. So a paper is said to be advertised into a large circulation; but if the purchasers whom the advertisements lead to buy the paper are not satisfied with their purchase, all the columns of all the papers in the country swarming with advertisements will not persuade them to buy another copy.

Success is like fame and light. There is plenty for all aspirants. If a man go into the market with hemp or molasses, and sell a better article for less money, or the same article upon more favorable terms, he will hardly fail to build up a business. It is in vain that other dealers ridicule him or laugh at his wares. The buyers taste and try, and they are the final judges. Certainly that dealer would lose time, dignity, and consideration if he should begin to sneer in turn.

So with books and periodicals. A new one appears to claim public favor. It will not win that favor by saying that it is the best of all, and that its contemporaries are rag-bags and refuse. That may convict itself of envy, but it will hardly prove the inferiority of the other. What the public want of the *Joneshotan Clarion* is not its opinion of the *Smithian Trumpet*: it wants a fulfillment of its promise to be an agreeable fireside companion. People don't care to pay three dollars a year to know that Jones of the *Clarion* thinks Smith of the *Trumpet* an ass.

MANIACS IN RAILWAY CARS.

Several months since, as a quiet Lounger was taking his seat in the morning express train for Boston, he observed a woman very peculiarly watched a little in front of him, but thought nothing of it until the train was off, when the woman became very much excited, began to talk, and in a loud, fearfully distinct voice, full of suppressed fury, threw herself upon the protection of all honest men in the car, asserting that she was being carried off against her will. Her keepers tried to pacify her, but in vain; and she rose from her seat, and moving through the car, addressed any body who for any reason seemed to please her, or whose appearance promised succor. Her voice and manner and general appearance sufficiently showed her insanity, and every body was glad when the train reached Hartford.

But a later and more startling case has come to our knowledge. Upon the same train a maniac was taken at New Haven, who presently flew at one of his keepers and bit a piece out of his throat—burst from the little room in which they tried to confine him—threw himself down along the aisle of the car, and created profound terror among all the passengers. This poor fellow was taken all the way to Hartford.

Railway travel has been thought a little dangerous hitherto, but if we add to the list of horrors that are known the unknown chances of traveling in the same cars with madmen, and sending wives and children to travel in them also, the rates of life-insurance will probably rise.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—S. E. P. C., Troy, New York. If a merchant wishes to say that he was in business in this city during the month of May last, he ought not to say, "I have been in business." To say that you have been doing a thing is to convey that it is finished; or that you have been in a place, that you are there no longer.

—Guy, New York. Charles Dickens lives in London. Formerly, and for many years, his residence was in Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park—now it is at Tavistock House. Frank Stone, the painter, and Mazzini were both living there nine years ago.

—Jenny Greenwood, Bath, Maine, writes a most touching ditty upon "The Orphans:"

"Two orphan children once there was,
Yet why they was was many a cause;
A sickly boy and healthy girl—
The brother was the sister's all."

Jenny should be careful of her talent.

—M. L. S. laments the want of attention paid to calisthenics and gymnastics in general. She regrets that the arts of dressing and of cooking take precedence, in general interest, of the art of exercising; and she wisely suggests that a simple system of bars and ladders be attached to every school. Undoubtedly, if an hour a day were subtracted from study in all the schools in the country, and devoted to the scientific practice of gymnastics, the intellectual, moral, and physical health of the country would be greatly improved.

—Mississippi wishes to have a picture of the "Pons Asinorum," saying that he sent to a friend on the other side of the river for a donkey, and he replied that he could send it at once if there were only a "pons asinorum," or ass's bridge, over the stream. Upon which Mississippi replied that he had made a cl-assic pun. Is M. sure that there is no such bridge in that neighborhood? They are over every river in this part of the country. (N. B.—In this city there are no bridges.)

—An Attentive and Constant Reader partially remembers a poem, "a touching and exquisite gem, and worthy of Tennyson," beginning—

"Two maidens at the set of day."

It is Bryant's. She will find it in the last edition of his poems.

—Felix, Philadelphia, wishes to know the author of the poem,

"Pennsylvania, while thy flood," etc.

—Poz. The French navy consists of about 40 ships of the line, 50 frigates, 40 corvettes, 50 brigs, 46 transports and boats. In all, 226 sailing-vessels and 102 steamers, including 10 frigates, 40 corvettes, and 52 smaller vessels. They require a force of about 29,000 men. The English navy has 19 first-rates, ships of 110 to 120 guns; 76 second and third rates; 126 fourth, fifth, and sixth rates; 79 sloops, 16 brigs, 22 steamships and frigates, 42 sloops, 83 gun-vessels, 2 screw schooners; making a total of 420 vessels, and about 39,000 men.

—Inigo, Chicago. The population of Italy proper is about 20,000,000. Sicily, Corsica, and Malta have about 2,700,000 more. Of these 20,000,000 Naples has about six millions and a half; Sardinia, about three and a third; Lombardy, two and a quarter; Tuscany, nearly two; and the Roman States, nearly 3,000,000.

THE FRENCH ARMY MARCHING THROUGH A SARDINIAN FORTIFIED PLACE TOWARD THE AUSTRIAN LINES.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

WE give herewith a fine engraving of the march of a French *corps d'armée* past one of the great fortresses in Sardinia. It will be noticed that the grateful Italians have strewed flowers on the path of the troops, and are displaying great delight at their presence. We also give a picture of Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, and his leading Generals.

Brief biographical sketches of the Emperor and General Gyulai, comprising all that is known of them, will be found in Nos. 125 and 126 respectively of this journal. The other prominent Austrian generals, Hess, Benedek, and Hebel, may be rapidly disposed of.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND HIS GENERALS.

General Hess is usually reported to be Austria's first soldier—now that Radetsky is dead. It was, indeed, mainly to the vigor and skill with which Hess, as the chief of Radetsky's staff, carried out the plans for the reduction of Italy in 1848 that the latter owed his reputation. General Hess is a German, having been born at Vienna in 1788. At the age of seventeen he was placed in the army, and is said to have fought bravely throughout the Napoleonic wars. When Napoleon was sent to Elba, Hess, whose interest at Court was good, obtained an office in the War Department with the rank of major. He subsequently served as lieutenant-colonel for a year or two; and in 1829 obtained his full colonelcy, and was sent to Lombardy. There he won credit by his skill and soldierly qualities, and rose gradually to the rank of Field-Marshal, which he obtained in 1842. Since then his active services have been confined to Italy. Unlike most of the Austrian generals, he is well spoken of even by foreigners. He is said to have blamed General Gyulai bitterly for his movement on the Ticino.

General Benedek is also a soldier of high repute. He was a cavalry officer, who entered the army thirty-seven years ago, and fought his way—over the bodies of his revolted fellow-citizens, by-the-way, for he has seen no foreign service—to the rank of General. In Galicia and Italy he fought with distinguished valor. He was at the taking of Novara in 1849, and did not leave a very pleasant memory among the Italians.

General Hebel is another prominent Austrian officer, of whom we may hear presently. He was a colonel in 1848, and fought in Italy. Rumor says that he has an objection to keeping prisoners of war, and that having taken a number of patriots at Trent, he had them shot in the fosses of the fortress. But, after all, war is a sorry business at best. Did not the English hang Tantia Topee, and blow from guns the Hindoos, who were only fighting for their freedom as the Italians are for theirs?

We notice in the news the story of a poor Italian girl, of great beauty, who was, unhappily, seen by an Austrian officer of high rank during the late invasion of Piedmont. The officer sent a file of soldiers and, without ceremony, had the poor girl dragged to his tent. When she was dismissed, dishonored, and heart-broken, she ran to the nearest well and drowned herself. If many of the Austrian officers are of this stamp they must expect little sympathy here.

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TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DOG-DAYS.

THE great city roared and steamed and smoked. Along the hot, glaring streets by the river a few panting people hurried, clinging to the house wall for a thin strip of shade, too narrow even to cover their feet. All the windows of the stores were open, and within the offices men were thinking and writing, with a little turn of the pen and a tracing in ink magically warding off impending disaster or adding thousands to the thousands accumulated already—men, too, were writing without thinking, mechanically copying or posting, scribbling letters of form, with heads clear or heads aching, with hearts burning or cold; full of ambition and hope, or vaguely remembering country hill-sides and summer rambles—a day's fishing—a night's frolic—Sunday-school—singing-school, and the girl with the chip hat garlanded with sweet-brier; hearts longing and loving, regretting, hoping, and remembering, and all the while the faces above them calm and smooth, and the

WHAT AMY WARING WAS DOING IN TOWN.

"STOP, SIR!"

hands below them busily doing their part of the great work of the world.

In Wall Street there was restless running about. Men in white clothes and straw hats darted in at doors, darted out of doors—carrying little books and boxes and bundles in their hands, nodding to each other as they passed, but all infected with the same fever—with brows half-wrinkled or tied up in hopeless seams of perplexity, with muttering pale lips, or lips round and red and clearly the lips of clerks who had no great stakes at issue, and a general rushing and hurrying as if every body were haunted by the fear of arriving too late every where and losing all possible chances in every direction.

Within doors there were cool bank-parlors and insurance offices, with long rows of comely clerks writing in those Russia red books which Thomas Tray loved—or wetting their fingers on little sponges in little glass dishes and counting whole fortunes in bank-notes—or perched high on office-stools eating apples—while Presidents and Directors, with shiny bald pates and be-wigged heads, some heroically with permanent spectacles and others coyly and weakly with eye-glasses held in the hand, sat perusing the papers, telling the news, and gossiping about engagements and marriages and family rumors and secrets with the air of practical men of the world, with no nonsense, no fanaticism, no fol-de-rol of any kind about them, but who profoundly believed the Burt theory that wives and daughters were a more sacred kind of property than sheep-pastures, or even than the most satisfactory bond and mortgage.

They talked politics, these banking and insurance gentlemen, with vigor and warmth. "What on earth does this General Jackson mean, Sir? Is he going to lay the axe at the very roots of our national prosperity? What the deuce does a frontier soldier know about banking?"

They talked about Morgan, who had been found in Lake Ontario: and the younger clerks took their turn at it, and furiously denied among themselves that Washington was a Mason. The younger clerks held every Mason responsible for the reported murder. Then they turned pale lest their neighbors were Masons, and might cause them to be found drowned off the Battery. The older men shook their heads.

Murders—did you speak of murders, Mr. Van Boozenberg? Why, this is a dreadful business in Salem! Old Mr. White murdered in his bed! The most awful thing on record. Terrible stories are told, Sir, about respectable people! What are we coming to? Mr. Daniel Webster is going to speak against the prisoners. What can you expect, Sir, with Fanny Wright disseminating her infidel sentiments, and the work-people buying *The Friend of Equal Human Rights?* Equal human fiddlesticks, Mr. Van Boozenberg!

To all which from the mouths of many Directors that eminent officer nodded his head, and looked so wise that it was very remarkable so many foolish transactions took place under his administration.

And so writing in large books and little books, and counting, and paying out, and receiving, and grumbling, swearing, gossiping, eating apples and dismally foreboding, the people in the offices above the blistering sidewalk of Wall Street did their share of the world's work.

And in all the streets of the great city, in all the lofty work-shops and yards and factories, huge hammers smote and clashed, and men, naked to the waist, reeking in dingy interiors, bent like gnomes at their tasks, while saws creaked, wheels turned, planes and mallets and chisels shoved and cut and struck; and down in damp cellars sallow ghastly men and women wove rag-carpets and twisted baskets in the midst of litters of puny, pale children, with bleared eyes and sore heads and dirty faces, tumbling, playing, shouting, whimpering—scampering after the pigs that came rooting and nosing in the liquid filth that simmered and stank to heaven in the gutters at the top of the steps; and the houses above the heads of the ghastly men and women were swarming rookeries, hot and close and bare, with window-panes broken, and hats and coats and cloths stuffed in, and men with bloodshot eyes and desperate faces sitting dogged with their hats on, staring at nothing, or leaning on their ragged elbows on broken tables, scowling from between their dirty hands at the world and the future; while in higher rooms sat solitary girls in hard wooden chairs, a pile of straw covered with a rug in the corner, and a box to put a change of linen in, driving the needle silently and ceaselessly through shirts or coats or trowsers, stooping over in the foul air during the heat of the day, straining their eyes when the day darkened to save a candle, hearing the roar and the rush and the murmur far away, mingled in the distance, as if they were dead and buried in their graves, and dreaming a horrid dream until the resurrection.

Only sometimes an acute withering pain, as if something or somebody were sewing the sewer, and pierced her with a needle sharp and burning, made the room swim and the straw in the corner glimmer; and the girl dropped the work and closed her eyes—the cheeks were black and hollow beneath them—and she gasped and panted, and leaned back, while the roar went on, and the hot sun glared, and the neighboring church clock, striking the hour, seemed to beat on her heart as it smote relentlessly the girl's returning consciousness. Then she took up the work again, and the needle, with whose little point in pain and sickness and consuming solitude, in darkness, desolation, and flickering, fainting faith, she pricked back death and dishonor.

At neighboring corners were the reefs upon which human health, hope, and happiness lay stranded, broken-up and gone to pieces. Bloated faces glowered through the open doors—their humanity sunk away into mere bestiality. Human forms—men no longer—lay on benches, hung over chairs, babbled, maundered, shrieked or wept aloud; while women came in and took black bottles from under tattered shawls, and said nothing, but put down a piece of money; and the man behind the counter said nothing, but took the money and filled the bottles, which were hidden under the tattered shawls again, and the speechless phantoms glided out, guarding that little travesty of modesty even in that wild ruin.

In shops beyond, yards of tape and papers of pins, and boots and shoes and bread, and all the multitudinous things that are bought and sold every minute, were being done up in papers by complaisant, or surly, or conceited, or well-behaved clerks; and in all the large and little houses of the city, in all the spacious and narrow streets, there were women cooking, washing, sweeping, scouring, rubbing, lifting, carrying, sewing, reading, sleeping—tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children. More than two hundred thousand of them in all were toiling, suffering, struggling, enjoying, dreaming, despairing on a summer day, doing their share of the world's work. The eye was full of the city's activity, the ear was tired with its noise, the heart was sick with the thought of it, the streets and houses swarmed with people, but the world was out of town. There was nobody at home.

In the mighty stream, of which men and women are the waves that poured ceaselessly along its channels, friends met surprised—touched each other's hands.

"Came in this morning—off to-night—droll it looks—nobody in town—"

And the tumultuous throng bore them apart.

In the evening the Park Theatre is jammed to hear Mr. Forrest, who made his first appearance in Philadelphia nine or ten years ago, and is already a New York favorite. Contoit's garden flutters with the cool dresses of the promenaders, who move about between the arbors looking for friends and awaiting ices. The click of billiard balls is heard in the glittering café at the corner of Reade Street, and a gay company smokes and sips at the Washington Hotel. Life bursts from every door, from every window, but there is nobody in town. Only more than two hundred thousand men, women, and children go to their beds and wake up to the morrow, but there is nobody in town.

Nobody in town, because Mrs. Boniface Newt & Co. have gone to Saratoga—no cathedral left, because some plastering has tumbled off an upper stone—no forest left, because a few leaves had whirled away.

Nobody in town, because Mrs. Boniface Newt & Co. have gone to Saratoga, and are doing their part of the world's work there.

Such was substantially Lawrence Newt's reverie as he sat by the window in his office on one of those hot summer days, looking out upon the shipping in the river, and the oily gleam of the water at high noon. The reflection of the white sails glimmered down into the depths, quite out of sight. So over the surface of his mind, as it seemed to him, as hushed as that water, faces and forms, and even thoughts and fancies, trembled, half-indistinct, and tremulously faded away.

Such also was Amy Waring's reflection, except that no young woman could know that men ever gossiped in their offices.

All the rest that the hot sun saw that day she, too, had seen; and at this very moment she was putting on the lightest of shawls and the airiest of bonnets, and filling a little basket with tea and sugar, and the nameless small comforts that one woman instinctively selects for another who is in want then. Amy Waring slipped into the street, and turned her steps down town.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUTSIDE AND IN.

IN a full costume of white duck, crowned by a jaunty Panama hat—twirling lazily the lightest of amber sticks, languidly puffing a full-flavored Havana, and sauntering along as if his soul were tired—behold Mr. Zephyr Wetherley.

He was going down street, and Amy, walking more rapidly, overtook him. As she saw him she was conscious of a painful sympathy with him, because it seemed to her that he must be forever tortured with the harassing self-inquiry, "What on earth am I created for?"

His very air of fatigue appeared to her to be the natural result of the eternally baffled effort to solve that problem.

In a great city, reeking with opportunities of action—swarming with an infinite variety of questions to be answered, which any man could answer—of wants which every man could fulfill—of misery that nobody was so poor he could not succor, either with actual material assistance or with sympathy and advice—in a net-work of dark dens just outside the sunny streets where the coming of a kindly human face was like the stealing in of sunshine—in the midst of endless opportunities of interest, excitement, and employment, Mr. Zephyr Wetherley, young, well, comfortable in purse, fortunate in position, was sauntering in the sunshine, perishing of ennui, longing for a sensation, nervous about a wrinkle in his trowsers or a stain upon his glove, swearing at the heat, and the dust, and the smells, afraid he should have no appetite for dinner, utterly listless, good-humored, and forlorn, and, so far as the finite mind could discover, of no conceivable use to any body or thing in the universe.

It made Amy Waring a great deal warmer to see that slouching costume of cool white duck

AUNT MARTHA.

wearily drifting before her. She felt so deeply Zephyr Wetherley's probable consciousness of his ridiculous and melancholy position that she wanted to pass him by without allowing him to see that she had observed him, as a well-bred woman hastens by a gentleman who has lost his temper and is swearing at his groom or grumbling at his wife—with an apparent profound unconsciousness of the gentleman's presence.

But when, by the addition of Alfred Dinks and Bowdoin Beacon, who joined him from another street, Mr. Zephyr Wetherley was multiplied by three, Amy Waring's feeling became almost ludicrous.

There was an immense explosion of adjectives expressing surprise when the three young gentlemen discovered that the young lady who was passing them was Miss Amy Waring.

"Why, Miss Waring!" cried they, simultaneously.

She bowed and smiled. They lifted their hats.

"You in town!" said Mr. Beacon.

"In town?" echoed Mr. Dinks.

"Town?" murmured Mr. Wetherley.

"Town," said Miss Waring, with her eyes sparkling.

"Where did you come from? I thought you were all at Saratoga," she continued.

"It's stupid there," said Mr. Beacon.

"Quite stupid," echoed Mr. Dinks.

"Stupid," murmured Mr. Wetherley.

"Stupid?" asked the lady, this time making the interrogation in the anti-strophe of the chant.

"We wanted a little fun.'

"A little fun."

"Fun," replied the gentlemen.

"Well, I'm going about my business," said she. "Good-morning."

"About your business?"

"Your business?"

"Business?" murmured the youths, in order, Zephyr concluding.

"Business!" said Miss Amy, bursting into a little laugh, in which the listless, perfectly good-humored youths cheerfully joined.

"It's dreadful hot," said Mr. Beacon.

"Oh! horrid!" said Mr. Dinks.

"Very," said Zephyr. And the gentlemen wiped their foreheads.

"Coming to Saratoga, Miss Waring?" they asked.

"Hardly, I think, but possibly," said she, and moved away, with her little basket, while the gentlemen, swearing at the heat, the dust, and the smells, sauntered on, asseverated that Amy Waring was an odd sort of girl, and finally went in to the Washington Hotel, where each lolled back in an arm-chair, with the white duck legs reposing in another—excepting Mr. Dinks, who poised his boots upon one of the window-sills that commanded Broadway—and so, comforted with a cigar in the mouth, and a glass of iced port-wine sangaree in the hand, the three young gentlemen labored through the hot hours until dinner.

Amy Waring walked quite as rapidly as the heat would permit. She crossed the Park, and striking into Fulton Street, continued toward the river, but turned into Front Street. The old peach women at the corners, sitting under huge cotton umbrellas, and parching in the heat, saw the lovely face going by, and marked the peculiarly earnest step, which the sitters in the streets, and consequent sharp students of faces and feet, easily enough recognize as the step of one who is bound upon some especial errand. Clerks looked idly at her from open shop doors, and from windows above; and when she entered the marine region of Front Street, the heavy stores and large houses, which here and there were covered with a dull grime, as if the squalor within had exuded through the dingy red bricks, seemed to glare at her unkindly, and sullenly ask why youth and beauty and cleanly modesty should insult with sweet contrast that sordid gloom.

The heat only made it worse. The houses looked doggedly desperate with it. Half-naked children played in the foul gutters with the pigs, which roamed freely at large, and comfortably at home in the purlieus of the docks and the quarter of poverty. Carts jostled by with hogsheads, and boxes, and bales, and the red-faced carmen, furious with their horses, or smoking pipes whose odor did not sweeten the air, stared with rude, curious eyes, at the lady making her way among the casks and bales upon the sidewalks. There was nothing that could possibly cheer the eye or ear, or heart or imagination, in any part of the street—not even the haggard faces, thin with want, rusty with exposure, and dull with drink, that listlessly looked down upon her from the windows of lodging-houses.

The door of one of these was open, and Amy Waring went in. She passed rapidly through the desolate entry and up the dirty stairs with the broken railing—stairs that creaked under her light step. At a room upon the back of the house, in the third story, she stopped and tapped at the door. A voice cried, "Who's there?" The girl answered, "Amy," and the door was immediately unlocked.

The room was clean. There was a rag-carpet on the floor; a pine bureau neatly varnished; a half dozen plain but whole chairs; a bedstead, upon which the bedding was scrupulously neat; a pine table, upon which lay a much-thumbed leather-bound family Bible and a few religious books; and between the windows over the bureau hung a common engraving of the Christ upon the Cross. The windows themselves looked upon the back of the stores on South Street. Upon the floor was a large basket full of work, with which the occupant of the room was evidently engaged. The whole room had an air of severity and cheerlessness, yet it was clear that every thing was most carefully arranged and continually swept and washed and dusted.

The person who had opened the door was a woman of nearly forty. She was dressed entirely in black. She had not so much as a single spot of white any where about her. She had even a black silk handkerchief twisted about her head in the way that negro women twine gay cloths, and such was her expression that it seemed as if her face, and her heart, and her soul, and all that she felt, or hoped, or remembered, or imagined, were all clad and steeped in the same mourning garments and utter gloom.

"Good-morning, Amy," said she, in a hard, dry, but not unkind voice. In fact, the rigidity of her aspect, the hardness of her voice, and the singular blackness of her costume seemed to be too monotonously uniform and resolute not to indicate something willful or unhealthy in the woman's condition, as if the whole had been rather superinduced than naturally developed.

"Aunt Martha, I have brought you some things that I hope you will find comforting and agreeable."

The young woman glanced around the desolately regular and forbidding room, and sighed. The other took the basket and stepped to a closet, but paused as she opened it, and turned to Amy, and said, in the same dry, hopeless manner:

"See the weakness of the flesh! This bounty is too good for a sinner; and yet it would be the unpardonable sin for so great a sinner to end her own life willfully."

The solemn woman put the contents of the basket into the closet; but it seemed as if, in that gloom, the sugar must have already lost its sweetness and the tea its flavor.

Amy still glanced round the room, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Aunt Martha, when may I tell?" she asked, with piteous earnestness.

"Amy, would you thwart God? He is too merciful already. I almost fear that to tolerate your sympathy and kindness is a sore offense in me. Think what a worm I am! How utterly foul and rank with sin!"

She spoke with clasped hands lying before her in her lap, in the same hard tone as if the words were cut in ebony; with the same fixed lips; the same pale, unsmiling severity of face; above which the abundant hair, streaked with early gray, was almost entirely lost in the black handkerchief.

"But surely God is good!" said Amy, tenderly and sadly. "If we sin, He only asks us to repent and be forgiven."

"But we must pay the penalty, Amy," said the other. "There is a price set upon every sin; and mine is so vast, so enormous—"

She paused a moment, as if overwhelmed by the contemplation of it; then, in the same tone, she continued: "You, Amy, can not even conceive how dreadful it is. You know what it is, but not how bad it is."

She was silent again, and her soul appeared to wrap itself in denser gloom. The air of the room seemed to Amy stifling. The next moment she felt as if she were pierced with sharp spears of ice. She sprang up—

"I shall smother!" said she; and opened the window.

"Aunt Martha, I begin to feel that this is really wicked! If you only knew Lawrence Newt—"

The older woman raised one thin finger, without lifting the hand from her lap. It was enough. Amy stopped.

"Amy—it is right. The mention of that name is another blow. I bend to the rod."

Implacable darkness seemed to Amy to be settling upon her too.

"At least, aunt, let me have you moved to some less horrid place."

"Foulness and filth are too sweet and fair for me," said the dark woman; "and I have been too long idle already."

She lifted the work and began to sew. Amy's heart ached, as she looked at her, with sympathy for her suffering and a sense of inability to help her.

There came a violent knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Aunt Martha, calmly.

"Come, come; open this door, and let's see what's going on!" cried a loud, coarse voice.

"Who is it?"

"Who is it? Why, it's me—Joseph!" replied the voice.

Aunt Martha rose and unlocked the door. A man whose face was like his voice bustled noisily into the room, with a cigar in his mouth and his hat on.

"Come, come; where's that work? Time's up! Quick, quick! No time, no pay!"

"It is not quite done, Mr. Joseph."

The man stared at Aunt Martha for a moment; then laughed in a jeering way.

"Old lady Black, when you undertake to do a piece of work what d'ye mean by not having it done? Damn it, there's a little too much of the lady about you! Show me that work!" and he seated himself.

The woman brought the basket to him, in the bottom of which were several pieces completed and carefully folded. The man turned them over rapidly.

"And why, in the devil's name, haven't you done the rest? Give 'em here!"

He took the whole, finished and unfinished, and bundling them up made for the door. "No time, no pay, old lady; that's the rule. That's the only way to work such infernally jimmy old bodies as you!"

The sewing woman remained perfectly passive as Mr. Joseph was passing out; but Amy came springing forward from the window.

"Stop, Sir," said she, firmly. The man involuntarily turned, and such was his overwhelming surprise at seeing a lady suddenly standing before him, and a lady who spoke with perfect authority, that, with the obsequiousness instinctive in every man who depends upon the favor of customers, he took off his hat.

"If you take that work without paying for it you shall be made to pay," said Amy, quietly, her eyes flashing, and her figure firm and erect.

The man hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, oh, certainly, ma'am! Pay for it, of course, ma'am! 'Twas only to frighten the woman, ma'am, oh, certainly, certainly—oh! yes, ma'am, pay for it, of course."

"At once," said Amy, without moving.

"Certainly, ma'am; here's the money," and Mr. Joseph counted it out upon the pine table.

"And you'd better leave the rest to be done at once."

"I'll do so, ma'am," said the man, putting down the bundle.

"And remember that if you ever harm this woman by a word or look, even," added Amy, bending her head toward her aunt, "you will repent it bitterly."

The man stared at her and fumbled with his hat. The cigar had dropped upon the floor. Amy pointed to it, and said, "Now, go."

Mr. Joseph stooped and picked up the stump, and departed. Amy felt weak. Her aunt stood by her, and said, calmly,

"It was only part of my punishment."

Amy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, aunt—and if any body should break into your room and steal every thing you have and throw you out of the window, or break your bones and leave you here to die of starvation, I suppose you would think it all part of your punishment."

"It would be no more than I deserve, Amy."

"Aunt Martha," replied Amy, "if you don't take care you will force me to break my promise to you."

"Amy, to do that would be to bring needless disgrace upon your mother and all her family and friends. They have considered me dead for long, long years. They have long ago shed the last tear of regret for one whom they believed to be as pure as you are now. Why should you take her to them from the tomb, living still, but a loathsome mass of sin? I am equal to my destiny. The curse is great, but I will bear it alone; and the curse of God will fall upon you if you betray me."

Amy was startled by the intensity with which these words were uttered. There was no movement of the hands or head upon the part of the older woman. She stood erect by the table, and, as her words grew stronger, the gloom of her appearance seemed to intensify itself, as a thunder-cloud grows imperceptibly blacker and blacker.

When she stopped, Amy made no reply; but, troubled and uneasy, she drew a chair to the window and sat down. The other woman took up her work again. Amy was lost in thought, wondering what she could do. She saw nothing as she looked down into the dirty yards of the houses; but after some time, forgetting where she was in the abstraction of her meditation, she was suddenly aware of the movement of some white object—and looking curiously to see what it was, discovered Lawrence Newt gazing up at her from the back window of his store, and waving his handkerchief to attract her attention.

As she saw the kindly face she smiled and shook her hand. There was a motion of inquiry—shall I come round? And a very resolute telegraphing by the head back again—no, no! There was another question, in the language of shoulders and handkerchief and hands—what on earth are you doing up there? The answer was prompt and intelligible—nothing that I am ashamed of. Still there came another message of motion from below, which Amy, knowing Lawrence Newt, unconsciously interpreted to herself thus—"I know you, angel of mercy! You have brought some angelic soup to some poor woman." The only reply was a smile that shone down from the window into the heart of the merchant who stood below. It was followed by a wave of the hand from above that said farewell. Lawrence Newt looked up and kissed his own—not like a dandy to a *lionne*—but like a man to a woman.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE STEAMER "EDINBURGH."

A telegram from St. Johns, Newfoundland, dated Wednesday, June 8, says: "The steamship *Edinburgh*. from New York, for Glasgow, put in here at 7 o'clock last evening with two of her compartments full of water, having struck an iceberg on Monday at 11.20 A.M., 180 miles east of St. Johns, in a dense fog. The iceberg was first discovered directly ahead of the ship, being in lat. 47° 40′, long. 48° 20′. The helm was put hard aport, and she passed close alongside without touching the part above water, but struck under water a little abaft the port bow, and stove in one of her forward plates, through which the water rushed.

"The engines were stopped and backed, but the ship had passed the iceberg before her way was stopped. The two foremost compartments filled almost immediately with water. The pumps were quickly set going, and sails and bedding lowered over into the boats. All the male passengers assisted the crew in working the pumps and bailing. There was a dense fog all day Monday and Monday night, with rain—wind fresh, but sea smooth. At noon of Tuesday an observation was taken for the first time for three days, and the ship was found to be in lat. 47° 41′ N., long. 50° 29′ W.—distance from St. Johns 47 miles.

"At — o'clock she made the land, all hands working vigorously at the pumps, and bailing, to keep the ship from sinking. The water was only kept from flowing into the other compartments by their incessant labor.

"The passengers speak in the highest terms of Captain Cumming's conduct throughout. Every preparation was made, even to preparing the small boats, and providing them with provisions, clothing, etc. The different boats were distributed, and lists of the male passengers were also carefully prepared. The lady passengers sat up all night, ready dressed to embark. By six o'clock on Tuesday morning a number of the male passengers had become exhausted, and yet the severe labor imposed upon them was continued until she reached port. All the passengers and crew are safe.

"The Captain speaks of the passengers as having behaved with the utmost coolness, and labored unremittingly for thirty hours. The extent of the damage is not yet ascertained, but the ship will probably have to discharge her cargo to undergo repairs."

THE FROST OF JUNE 4.

The *Herald* contains the following: "We have taken some pains to look over the accounts of the damage to the crops which was likely to be produced by the frost, so severe for the season, which occurred on the nights of the 4th and 5th inst. in the western part of this State, the northern parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and all the New England States, and some portions of Canada, and find that the general reports which first reached us were very much exaggerated, and the fears which were expressed in them had very little foundation.

"Garden vegetables, it is true, have been nearly all destroyed. Corn in some few places is also totally ruined; but there is yet time for it to mature if planted again. In other localities we find that corn is reported as being materially injured, but not to such an extent as to preclude the probability of its starting again from the roots and yielding a reasonable crop. Apples, where the frost was most severe, are killed outright, and most other descriptions of fruit have suffered past redemption. Wheat, rye, oats, and barley escaped with very little damage. Grass was not damaged in the least."

THE PIKE'S PEAK MINES.

We learn by telegraph from Leavenworth that the express coaches have arrived, with advices from Denver City to the 1st inst. They contain extraordinary reports, calculated to renew the gold fever with more virulence than ever. Rich nuggets had been discovered at the north fork of Vasques Creek, principally coarse gold and decomposed quartz. Great excitement prevailed all through the country, and the statements of the yields of Gregory's and other mining companies were almost fabulous. A company from Indiana was making from $150 to $500 a day. There are other accounts of the same character, not varying in the least. Many of the letters received seem to have been written under the prevailing excitement, and are in strong contrast to previous gloomy reports. The dust taken out by the Gregory Mining Company alone is estimated at $20,000. Denver City was almost depopulated by the people leaving for the mountains. Provisions continued scarce. Twenty thousand dollars had been offered for claims. Subsequent arrivals will determine for certainty the truth of this information, but none of the accounts now received differ in tenor. Rich specimens of gold were received by this arrival. This community are intensely excited by the intelligence.

CANNIBALISM AT PIKE'S PEAK.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that an old man who stopped at the New England Hotel in that city the previous night told a frightful story of cannibalism on the Plains, between Pike's Peak and St. Joseph, Missouri. He was direct from Auraria City, which is located right in the heart of the so-called gold region. He left Genesee county, this State, in wid-winter, and with his son and nephew, two full-grown men, started for Pike's Peak. He said they found it to be a humbug and started for home. They had been forced to sell their oxen, wagons, etc., at the Peak, and therefore proposed performing the journey to St. Joseph on foot. They had a week's stock of provisions in their knapsacks, and trusted to luck to get clear through. When some two hundred miles on their weary way they overtook a party of five emigrants, who, like themselves, were returning to the States in a destitute condition and on foot. This party were almost in a state of starvation, and greedily pounced upon the old man's scanty stock of provisions. They all went on, hoping to meet some Peak-bound train which would relieve them. But they were disappointed.

On the tenth day out two of the party that the old man and his son and nephew had come upon died of starvation. They were buried by their comrades. One of them was from Morrow County, Ohio. His name was James Richards. The other was from New Hampshire, but the old man did not remember his name. The party crawled on until the next day, when another died and was buried like those who died the day before. Matters were now desperate; and one of the party proposed that they should draw lots to see which one should be killed and eaten by the rest. This was done, tremblingly and silently, and the old man's nephew was the unhappy loser in the terrible game for life. He was dispatched by one of the survivors of the party they had overtaken, and eaten by the miserable men. The next day, toward night, they met an outward-bound train. They pounced upon the oxen and slew them outright before the astonished owners could offer a word of remonstrance. They at length reached St. Joseph, where they separated. The old man and his son found a friend there who loaned them sufficient money to take them home. The son was with his father at Cleveland, and fully corroborated what is related above. The *Plaindealer* says that they were "apparently candid and honest men."

TURBULENT CONDITION OF THE MORMONS.

A gentleman just arrived from Utah represents that the people are in an excited and turbulent condition, bordering on rebellion, and hence the proclamation of Governor Cumming with a view to dispersing the various parties of Mormons assembled in a military capacity in the mountains surrounding Salt Lake. These parties, he says, are a portion of the militia called out by the Governor to resist the entrance of the Government troops during the session of the Court at Salt Lake City. The Mormons are being monthly augmented by the arrival of foreign converts. The civil law having failed to answer its purpose, it is the opinion of intelligent Gentiles in the Territory that peace can be preserved only by strong military rule, or bloodshed averted by favoring the removal of the Mormons beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal authorities.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the affair: "It seems that the villages of Casteggio and Montebello were occupied by some two hundred of the Piedmontese light cavalry, about fifty of which were at Casteggio, and a part of these were on the road which leads from Casteggio to Stradella, on the look-out for some Austrian patrols. All at once, however, this small body found itself face to face with such a force that they were obliged to fall back and dispatch one of their number to give the alarm to General de Sonnaz. The Piedmontese General hastily dispatched a message for assistance to Baraguay d'Hilliers, who was posted at Ponte Corona, the consequence of which was the arrival of General Forey's division, the regiments of which were scattered about the route leading from Veghera to Casteggio. Colonel Cambriels, the Emperor's ordnance officer, immediately hastened to Montebello with some 250 men, where large numbers of Austrians were already ensconcing themselves, and at once a desperate struggle ensued. Colonel Cambriels, attacked on all sides, formed his men in square and fought like a lion. After half an hour's resistance on the part of this little band, General Forey arrived in time to save it from destruction with the Seventy-fourth and Eighty-fourth regiments, forming the First brigade, commanded by the unfortunate General Beuret who was shot dead in the hour of victory. The Ninety-first and Ninety-eighth, forming the Second brigade, commanded by General Blanchard, soon followed, as also the Seventeenth battalion of Foot Chasseurs, in all between five and six thousand men. The saturated state of the soil prevented the French from using their artillery. Out of two batteries they could only make use of four pieces. The Austrians were masters of the position, for Casteggio was in their possession, and they were supported at Montebello. They could make free use of their artillery, and the cannonading had continued nearly five hours when the French charged,

bayonet in hand, and for half an hour a furious struggle ensued, finally ending in the Austrians retreating from Montebello, and subsequently from Casteggio.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"The French statement is that the Austrians outnumbered them nearly in the proportion of three to one—that is 15,000 Austrians to 6,000 French. Not a single French prisoner was taken, and the killed and wounded are now said not to exceed 360. General Forey was struck by a ball on the scabbard of his sword, and is slightly lamed from the contusion; he was, however, able to limp forward to receive the Emperor's warm felicitations. When his Majesty arrived on the ground it was still strewn with dead bodies. He was accompanied by Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. Colonel Cambriels, whose gallant stand with his little band has been mentioned, is, it is said, to receive a high recompense for his conduct. The Austrian officers taken prisoners were presented to the Emperor. Some of them had figured only a few weeks before at the balls of the Tuileries. The wounded French were delighted with his Majesty's attention, and raised their feeble voices in salutation."

THE AUSTRIAN ACCOUNT.

The official *Weiner Zeitung* publishes General Gyulai's report to the Emperor of the details of the affair at Montebello.

He says: "Wounded, 718; killed, 290; missing, 283. The enemy numbered 40,000 men, but abstained from all pursuit."

The Emperor had addressed to General Gyulai an autograph letter, expressing to him and the troops in general, his Majesty's thanks for their remarkable valor.

The letter also directs a list of all the killed and wounded to be drawn up, in order that their names may be made known in their respective homes.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* furnishes a version of the battle to the effect that Count Stadion passed the Po on the 20th, by the strongly fortified bridge at Vaccarizza, with 25,000 men, to ascertain the position of the French. He found them in Casteggio, which he stormed.

He then came upon Baraguay d'Hilliers's army near Montebello. He attacked it so as to make the enemy display his strength.

In the fight Stadion was wounded.

The French brought up fresh troops by rail during the battle. At night Stadion retired, having effected his purpose.

THE EMPEROR'S ACCOUNT.

The following dispatch from Napoleon to Eugénie was posted up at the Paris Bourse May 21:

EMPEROR TO EMPRESS.

ALESSANDRIA, *May* 21, 1859.

Austrians, about 15,000, attacked advanced posts of the corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers.

Driven back by Forey's division, which behaved admirably, and carried the village of Montebello after a desparate four hours' engagement.

Piedmontese cavalry, under General Sonnaz, showed uncommon energy. Two hundred Austrian prisoners, among whom a colonel. French, 500 killed and wounded.

Austrians in retreat since last night.

HOW BEURET WAS KILLED.

A letter-writer says: "General Beuret, in attempting to rally his men, moved from the rear, which is the place assigned on such occasions to field-officers, to the front, and was leading his men up the slope a second time when he was shot right between the eyes, and never moved afterward. The men fell back in disorder, upon which General Forey, with more gallantry than discretion, rushed to the front and took Beuret's place; one shot shivered his scabbard and struck his leg, and another tore off a part of his thick epaulet. Had the Austrians then made a sally they could easily have destroyed or captured the whole of the assailants; but at that lucky moment a reinforcement came up, and after a stout contest the church-yard was cleared, and all in it who were not killed, wounded, or prisoners fell back on their main body."

THE AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

A Marseilles letter says: "The Austrian prisoners have arrived at Marseilles. The Austrian colonel is dead of his wounds. The officers number about twenty. After the combat they were lodged in a grange; wine, cigars, etc., were sent to them, and an aide-de-camp from the Emperor came to express his Majesty's hope that they had received all the courtesy their situation demanded. It is said some of them behaved with great *brusquerie* in return for these attentions."

GARIBALDI'S OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH.

The papers give accounts of the expedition of Garibaldi and his volunteer corps across the right wing of the Austrians in Upper Lombardy, which has been by far the most striking and successful episode of the campaign. On the evening of the 27th, after a furious fight, which lasted from five to eight o'clock, Garibaldi entered Como amidst bell ringing and the general illumination of the town. The combat was renewed at Camerlosta, and the Austrians again gave way and retreated. All the steamers on the Lake of Como were in possession of Garibaldi. Garibaldi has reinforcements of troops. At Como the artillery has been reorganized, the National Guards mobilized, and volunteers are hastening to increase the militia. Advices from Lugano, dated noon of the 28th, state that the Austrians, pursued by General Garibaldi, were withdrawing toward Milan. General Garibaldi had occupied Camerlo and Lecco. Insurrectionary movements have taken place in the Valtelline, and 800 Valtelline insurgents are now on board an Austrian steamer. Valtelline is a circle of the Austrian dominions, consisting of the upper valley of the Adda, southeast of the Grisons, and forming the Austro-Italian delegation of Sondrio, which, with Tirano, Chiavenna, and Bormio, are its chief towns.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S PROCLAMATION.

The following is Prince Napoleon's proclamation to the Tuscans:

"ON BOARD THE 'REINE HORTENSE,'
"LIVOURNI, *May* 23, 1859.

"INHABITANTS OF TUSCANY!—The Emperor sends me to your country, on the demand of your representatives, to assist in the war against your enemies—the oppressors of Italy,

"My mission is exclusively military.

"I have nothing to do with your interior organization, nor shall I occupy myself about it.

"Napoleon III. has declared that he had but one ambition—that of obtaining the triumph of a sacred cause—the delivery of a people; and that he should never be influenced by family interests. He has said further, that the only object of France, satisfied with her power, is to have on her frontiers a friendly people, who owe to her their regeneration. Should the Almighty protect and give us victory, Italy will constitute herself freely, and by counting in future among other nations, will guarantee the equilibrium of Europe.

"Think, then, that there is no sacrifice too great when independence is the price of your efforts. Show to the world by your union and your moderation, as much as by your energy, that you are worthy of that liberty.

"NAPOLEON (Jerome).

"Prince, Commander-in-chief of the Fifth Corps of the Army of Italy."

THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THE WAR WILL BE WAGED.

The Piedmontese *Gazette* of May 21 contains the following notice or proclamation:

"The government of his Majesty the King of Sardinia has already publicly declared that, in the conduct of the present war, it would be guided by these principles of moderation and humanity which do honor to modern times, although the violence and rapine of all kinds committed by the Austrian army in our territory may give it the right to use reprisals.

"The King's government, which contributed to the declaration of maritime rights, made by the Congress of Paris the 16th of April, 1856, has also manifested its intention of scrupulously observing its prescriptions.

"Desiring now, in the interest of nations and of trade, to renew those assurances in a more explicit manner, it declares that:

"Austrian subjects now in the Royal States may continue their residence there as long as their conduct gives no grounds for offense.

"2. The entrance into the Royal States shall be conceded to those Austrian subjects who shall obtain special and previous authorization from the King's government.

"3. Privateering is interdicted.

"4. The neutral flag covers the enemy's merchandise, except contraband of war.

"5. The merchandise of neutrals shall not be captured under the enemy's flag, except contraband of war.

"6. Blockades must be effective.

"Finally, the King's government having intelligence that the Austrian frigate *Novara* has undertaken a voyage of circumnavigation in the interest of science, declares that she shall be exempted from the law of capture during her voyage, and that the proper instructions to this effect have already been given to the royal navy.

"As to the capture of the Austrian ships on which an embargo was laid, his Majesty's government has declared that it reserves its decision, which will hereafter be made known."

THE EMPEROR'S RULES FOR HIS ARMY.

A Paris letter in the *Indépendance*, of Brussels, publishes some general prescriptions agreed to by the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia, and which are to have the effect of general orders:

"Every evening, at nightfall, the King and the commandants of the different *corps d'armée* are to send to the Emperor a succinct account containing the number of men under arms in each army, the important facts which have taken place during the day, and every intelligence that has been received of the movements of the enemy. Every day, half an hour before sunrise, the troops will get under arms, as though they were about to be attacked, and after daylight, when it shall be certain that the enemy is not making any offensive movement, the troops will return to their bivouacs. At that hour the King and the commandants of *corps d'armée* are to state to the Emperor what they may know of the position of the enemy. The commandants of the *corps d'armée* are to pay the strictest attention that the officers have not with them any useless baggage. It is forbidden to any one to have a large tent. The officers are always to seek accommodation in the houses near their troops. If the troops have to encamp for several days at a distance from any habitation, tents will be supplied to them from their head-quarters. Every officer must himself carry his cloak across his shoulders, and a case in which he can have one day's provision. The Emperor has decided that, during the continuance of operations, the infantry shall only carry with them the *kepi*, great-coat, jacket and trowsers, two pairs of shoes—one on and the other in the knapsack—and the small tent. The other clothing of the men is to be packed up and sent immediately to the dépôt of the corps, which is to be established at Genoa. It will be the same with the half blanket, except for the Zouaves and the Algerian tirailleurs, who will retain it, as well as the small cloak. The hat is suppressed, and replaced by the *kepi* during the whole campaign, even for general officers."

THE EMPEROR IN THE FIELD.

A letter from Valenza, dated the 18th of May, published in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, says:

"I was yesterday at a *café* with the officers of the 30th, at the gate of the Albergo, when a loud cry of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' arose. It was the Emperor, who had arrived unexpectedly on horseback, in a general's uniform, with a kepi, and escorted by only a few officers. In a few minutes the whole population was on foot, the streets were decked with flags, and drums were beaten to collect the troops. His Majesty proceeded slowly up the street which leads to an eminence from which the naked eye can see the vast plains of the Po and the Lomellina. The position, being within reach of cannon, was not without danger. I had the honor of approaching the Emperor, who, bending down on his horse's neck, asked me if I were French. I replied that I was a journalist, who had ventured to the advanced posts. He smiled, and questioned me on the positions of the Austrians. I showed him detachments of their troops on the banks of the river, the village Frescharolo, and in the horizon Mortara, their head-quarters. His Majesty, by means of his glass, could see an Austrian soldier on the watch in the belfry of the church of Frescharolo, and even distinguish the hour by the clock. On the left is the railway bridge, of which the enemy has blown up two arches, and which he guards with 200 or 300 men. The shakos of sentinels on the banks of the river could be distinguished here and there. The Emperor then conversed with some of the Italians. His Majesty speaks pure Tuscan, and with a facility which surprised his hearers. After an inspection, which lasted about twenty minutes, the Emperor turned to leave. As he did so the troops, who were drawn up in line, waved their shakos on their bayonets, and cried out, a thousand times, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' An old Italian patriot, who had been an exile since 1849, approached, and cried out, with tears streaming down his face, '*Viva Napoleone, il Salvatore della Italia!*' The Emperor seemed affected, and saluted him kindly. At that moment the Emperor's eye met mine, and, in the emotion of the moment, I ventured to hold out my hand. His Majesty deigned, with a smile, to grasp it. This is an incident which I shall never forget as long as I live. The Emperor then left by the gate of Alessandria."

GYULAI'S PROCLAMATION AT NOVARA.

The *Opinione* of Turin publishes, as a curiosity, the following Austrian order, addressed by General Gyulai to the authorities of the province of Novara:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, AT MORTARA, *May* 16, 1859.

"For the irregular provisioning of the Austrian troops, the following articles are required, which must be immediately procured by requisition on the part of the authorities of this province, and by delivery on the part of the contractors, with whom the said authorities must stipulate regular contracts. The province of Novara shall deliver within forty-eight hours 260 oxen, and daily 200 brente of wine (the brente is 16 gallons), 30 brente of spirits, 60 cwt. of hay, and 500 sacks of oats. The said provisions shall be delivered at Novara to the proper functionary of the Intendance, who shall dispose of them in accordance with the special decree issued thereon. As to bread and rice, he will require that the various commands should always keep the necessary quantities ready, both for the troops stationed there and for those eventually passing through. I trust I shall not be obliged to have recourse to vigorous measures to obtain the regular and exact delivery of the articles demanded as above."

HOW THE AUSTRIANS BEHAVED IN PIEDMONT.

A letter writer says: "Now that the Austrians have left Vercelli and Tortona, we have the full details of their barbarous exploits. It would occupy some columns of your paper were I to record the endless list of their atrocities. What is more shameful is, that these outrages of Croats and Lancers and Bohemian Infantry were encouraged by generals and officers. At Vercelli the chief of the Austrian commissariat actually stole a carriage and two horses belonging to Count Mela. The poor coachman who had driven him to Mortara thought it was his duty to remonstrate. He was threatened with the bastinado. The coachman then asked to have his cloak restored to him, and the answer was, '*Mantello star buono per mio domestico*' (the cloak will be useful for my servant). You would scarcely believe that the Austrian official had the impudence to write to Count Mela thanking him for the carriage he had thus stolen. An old peasant of the farm Azavecchia, belonging to a Signor Larghi, was shot by a Croat because he could not move quickly enough. A boy, fifteen years old, has been subjected to the bastinado at a place called the Cappuccini, in the neighborhood of Vercelli. The poor lad has been removed to the hospital, and there is but little hope of saving his life. At Calcolabio, a small hamlet, three English miles from Voghera, a young girl has been violated by an officer belonging to the Ugolini Croat regiment. The poor creature could not stand the shame of the Slavonic brutality, and threw herself into a well, out of which she has been taken half dead. The beautiful country house of Marquis Cusani Botto Adorno has been plundered and devastated at Branduzzo. The valuable gallery, one of the finest in Lemellina, has been all destroyed to the last picture. A famous Madonna of Leonardo is thus lost to the artistic world. At Pizalle, a village near Voghera, the church has been plundered, and men and women barbarously wounded by the Austrian sharp-shooters, screened in a ravine. Every bushel of corn, every sack of flour has been taken away, and every cask of wine emptied and wasted, the poor peasants being thus left starving and helpless."

DESOLATION OF THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

The accounts received from the French themselves of the devastations incident to warfare under the most favorable circumstances afford a sad picture. The country "white unto harvest" can not be touched, for the moment a little black point is discerned by the Tyrolese riflemen, whiz-whiz comes a dozen balls, and seldom do they miss their mark. The unsown tillage is run over with weeds, and though the plowman longs to bury in by one turn of the plow the rank and seeding vegetation, not a furrow does he dare to trace. The poor peasantry, with their women and children, are obliged to huddle in by the side of the soldiers' camp-fires, and listen with vacant ears to the glad tidings of Italian regeneration. Day after day, under their eyes, their glorious defenders fell the rich mulberry trees, every leaf of which has its value, and whose slow growth the next thirty years will scarcely replace. The exigencies of warfare require them for *chevaux-de-frise*, and the peasant is fain to console himself with the reflection that, though he is houseless, his children without bread, and the silken threads of his sunny clime are swept away as cobwebs, Italy will be free from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic.

THE TYROLESE RIFLEMEN.

A letter received in Marseilles from Valenza bears testimony to the admirable qualities of the Tyrolese riflemen. It is said that they harass the French videttes and outposts incessantly. Day and night, it is said, their shots are whistling through the air. The ground on the other side of the Po affords them good cover, and they are ever on the watch. The other day General Renault went out to reconnoitre, attended by his aide-de-camp, and followed by a trumpeter a few paces behind. The General thought himself beyond range; but while he was looking about him a sharp "thug" was heard, and the poor trumpeter fell forward mortally wounded by a Tyrolese bullet in the loins.

The General having discovered his error withdrew, and gave up his reconnoissance for that day.

On another occasion a soldier of the Ninetieth French regiment went down to the bank of the Po to wash out a few things. While engaged in this peaceful occupation a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell into the river, whose tide bore his body to the Austrian side of the Po—a bloody tribute to the murderous accuracy of their fire. "At every instant," says the letter, "wounded men are being brought in by the ambulances."

HOW THE AUSTRIANS GET THEIR SUPPLIES.

A Havre paper gives an account of the mode of purchasing pursued by the Austrians. A soldier in white enters the shop of an unfortunate Piedmontese, selects certain articles, astonishes said Piedmontese by putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out an Austrian note. Piedmontese knows no more of its value than he does of the signification of the Chinese characters on a stick of Indian ink; but the soldier insists upon paying for what he has bought, informs the shop-keeper that the note is worth such or such a sum, demands and obtains the change in cash, and bids adieu to the rueful shop-keeper with a polite bow.

KOSSUTH GOING TO THE WAR.

Kossuth has delivered two more speeches—one at Bradford and the other at Glasgow. At the close of his speech at Glasgow he said:

"I bid you farewell. May a bountiful Providence pour its blessings on each and all of you, on your city, and the country at large; that, strong by the enjoyment of the first gift of Heaven—liberty—the star of Britannia may shine from the canopy of nations with undiminishing lustre." [Great cheering.]

The London *Advertiser* states that Kossuth intended to quit England in eight or ten days for Hungary. He goes, in the first instance, to Genoa, with the full concurrence of the King of Sardinia and the Emperor Napoleon, and will then concert, with General Klapka and other eminent Hungarian officers who are waiting to receive him, measures for throwing off the Austrian yoke in their native country, and for restoring its independence.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT IN RUIN.

An anecdote will show how little respected is the Papal Government, and how loose is the obedience of the people even nearer Rome:

A collector of the taxes, old in office, came up from the provinces lately to reside, perhaps for greater security. He is a very discreet but liberal man. Soon after his arrival he received his passports and an order to leave within a few hours. On the communication being made to him he replied, "I shall not leave; I am the father of a family, mixed up with no party, and wish to spend my time in peace. This is not the manner to treat a quiet citizen." "You may hold it for certain that you will be compelled to leave," said the police authority, astonished at the boldness of the man. Shortly afterward he was sent for by the prefect. On his making his appearance, "What do you want of me?" said Monsignore Manteucci. "On the contrary, what do you want of me, Monsignore?" "You must leave Rome. You have your passports." "Monsignore, I have no other answer to give than that already given. I will not leave. If you send gens d'armes and cut me to pieces, well and good, but without force I will not leave; and if you will permit me to give you a little counsel, this is not a time to treat quiet citizens in this way—take care, Monsignore, what you are doing." The prefect, astonished at this unusual tone, contented himself with replying, "Well, I shall take information respecting you." This anecdote, on the truth of which you may depend, illustrates two points—the usual capricious and arbitrary mode of acting adopted by the police, and the spirit of resistance which is now being made to it.

WAR ITEMS.

It is reported that Captain Jerome Bonaparte was in command of the *chasseurs* at the battle of Montebello and did wonders of valor. But no official confirmation of this fact has yet appeared. It is not, however, improbable, as the Captain was on reconnoitring service in this part of the country at the time of the battle.

As an example of the ludicrous insolence which accompanies the barbarity of General Gyulai's proceedings in Piedmont, a printed document has been circulating in Paris. There is no suspicion of its being a forgery. It is a kind of passport, given to some Sardinian subjects, and dated from Mortara, with these words at the head: "Austrian Empire—Province of Sesia."

The Paris letter in the London *News* says: The Duke de Chartres, second son of the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, has entered one of the cavalry regiments belonging to this division. Two days ago his royal highness was ordered on a reconnoissance in the direction of Trino. The young prince is scarcely sixteen years old, and is very active and intelligent. Every body here speaks of him in the highest terms. He did not meet the Austrians, but he came back with very useful intelligence about their movements. The report made by him on this occasion was presented by the King to the Emperor, who said he should be very happy when he could send to the Duke the gold medal of military valor. What strange events we are witnessing!

The French Government has received the following telegraphic dispatch:

"ALESSANDRIA, *May* 23—6 P.M.

"The Emperor, accompanied by his military household, yesterday attended mass at the cathedral. His Majesty received from the population who collected on his passage universal testimonies of respect and attachment. The Emperor continues to enjoy perfect health.

"The Austrians say the French fought splendidly at Montebello: '*Der Franzose ist ein magnifiker kerl*' is an expression I have heard often to-day.

"A regiment of Sardinian Lancers was nearly destroyed, completely ridden over, by some Hussars."

Galignani of Paris says: "The Empress, accompanied by the Princess Clothilde and the Princess Mathilde, visited the flower-show in the Exhibition Palace the day before yesterday. One of the exhibitors having a new species of rose, remarkably fine, presented it to her Majesty, with a request that she would deign to give it a name. 'Well,' said the Empress, 'call it Montebello!' The designation was considered a most happy one, both on account of the recent combat at that place and because the flower was handed to her Majesty by the Duchess of Montebello."

The Empress Eugénie has addressed a letter of condolence to Madame Beuret, widow of General Beuret, killed at Montebello.

The first Austrian *corps d'armée*, 40,000 strong, was to be sent from Bohemia into the Tyrol, by way of Dresden and Munich.

The accumulation of troops in Munich was so great that two thousand beds had been made up in the Crystal Palace.

A Turin letter in the *Débats*, from M. Amedee Achard, states that the wife of a well-known Piedmontese Deputy, a young woman who was in the fourth month of her pregnancy, fell a victim to the brutality of a band of Uhlans, and has died from the consequences of the outrage.

The London *News* Turin correspondent telegraphs that an official inquiry, made on the spot, establishes the fact that the contributions levied by the Austrians at Vercelli, and which the special correspondent of the London *Times* declared had not been raised, amounted to the sum of two million francs.

From the heights of Montebello the Austrians beheld a novelty in the art of war. Train after train arrived by railway from Voghera, each train disgorging its hundreds of armed men, and immediately hastening back for more.

We have a rumor from Paris that two priests have been shot at Alessandria for conspiring to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon, as an enemy of the Pope and of the Roman Catholic Church.

The banks of the Lago Maggiore are now completely clear of Austrian troops. All the columns which at first appeared when about to operate at Verona, in the direction of Biella and Domo d'Ossala, have marched toward the south, on the side of Mortara.

Colonel Morelli, after being seriously wounded, wrote to his wife the following lines: "I am covered with glory and with wounds. I have, I feel, only a few minutes to live, but I wish that my last thought should be for you and for my country."

The victory at Montebello is a fortunate circumstance for General Forey, who, it will be recollected, was withdrawn from the Crimean army under circumstances which had a tendency to cast a shadow on his reputation, in consequence of his having exceeded his prescribed duty in certain communications with the enemy.

ENGLAND.

RESULTS OF THE ELECTIONS.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* says: "The elections are now over: 654 representatives have been returned to the Commons House of Parliament, of whom 353 are Liberals, and 301 Conservatives; so that, at all events the former have a sure majority of more than fifty votes, an advantage which we trust they will not fritter away by petty digression, but make the most of by uniting their force on broad general principles. Lord Derby appealed to the country on the ground that he could not govern without a majority in the Commons, and now he is again left in a minority by the will of the people to whom he has appealed. The issue is clear, and it is most desirable that some trial of strength—such as a motion for want of confidence—should be made as soon as possible after the meeting of the new Parliament. The 31st instant is the day of meeting, and as no opposition is expected to the re-election of Mr. Evelyn Denison to the Speakership, the swearing in of members will proceed pretty rapidly, so as to allow of the Queen's Speech being delivered on June 7, as the preliminary to the business of a short but very active session. *On dit*, that the Earl of Derby has made overtures to Lord Palmerston to form, with four or five Liberals, a coalition ministry, and that the latter has rejected the proposal with the same contempt he did in 1856."

FRANCE.

SPEECHES OF THE EMPRESS.

The members of the Legislative Chambers having expressed a wish to pay their respects to the Empress and the Prince Imperial before separating, were, together with the Council of State, received at the Palace of the Tuileries by her Majesty, who spoke as follows:

TO THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

"GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for having joined in the manifestation of the Senate and the Legislative body. Your assistance on this occasion is a valuable guarantee for the sentiments which animate the Council of State for the dynasty of the Emperor, and I can not but feel a lively satisfaction at it.

TO THE SENATE.

"MM. LES SENATEURS,—You have been pleased before separating to give a fresh proof of devotion to the Emperor by manifesting a desire to see the Prince Imperial. This proof of the solicitude you feel for him does not surprise me, but I am not the less deeply touched by it. It is for me, like the counsels of my well-beloved uncle, a source of encouragement and strength.

TO THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

"I am greatly affected at the desire you expressed to see the Prince Imperial previous to your return to your Departments. I count on your enlightened patriotism to maintain the faith which ought to animate us all in the energy of the army, and, when the period has arrived, in the moderation of the Emperor. However difficult be my task, I find in my heart—wholly French—the courage necessary to accomplish it. I rely, therefore, gentlemen, on your loyal support and on the assistance of the entire nation, which, in the absence of the chief it has given itself, will never fail in its duty to a wife and a child."

These addresses were responded to with much warmth, and with cries of "Vive l'Imperatrice!"

A YOUNG GIRL NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

The Brussels journals state that the ignorance or negligence of a medical man very nearly caused the premature interment of a young girl in that city within the last few days. She had been ill for some time, and at last fell into a kind of trance, which the doctor mistook for death. Preparations were already making for the interment when the woman who had laid out the supposed corpse observed that her cheeks still retained a little color. Another physician was called in, and he found the girl to be still alive. The means adopted to revive her proved successful, and she is now in a fair way of recovery.

ITALY.

THE NEW KING OF NAPLES AT WORK.

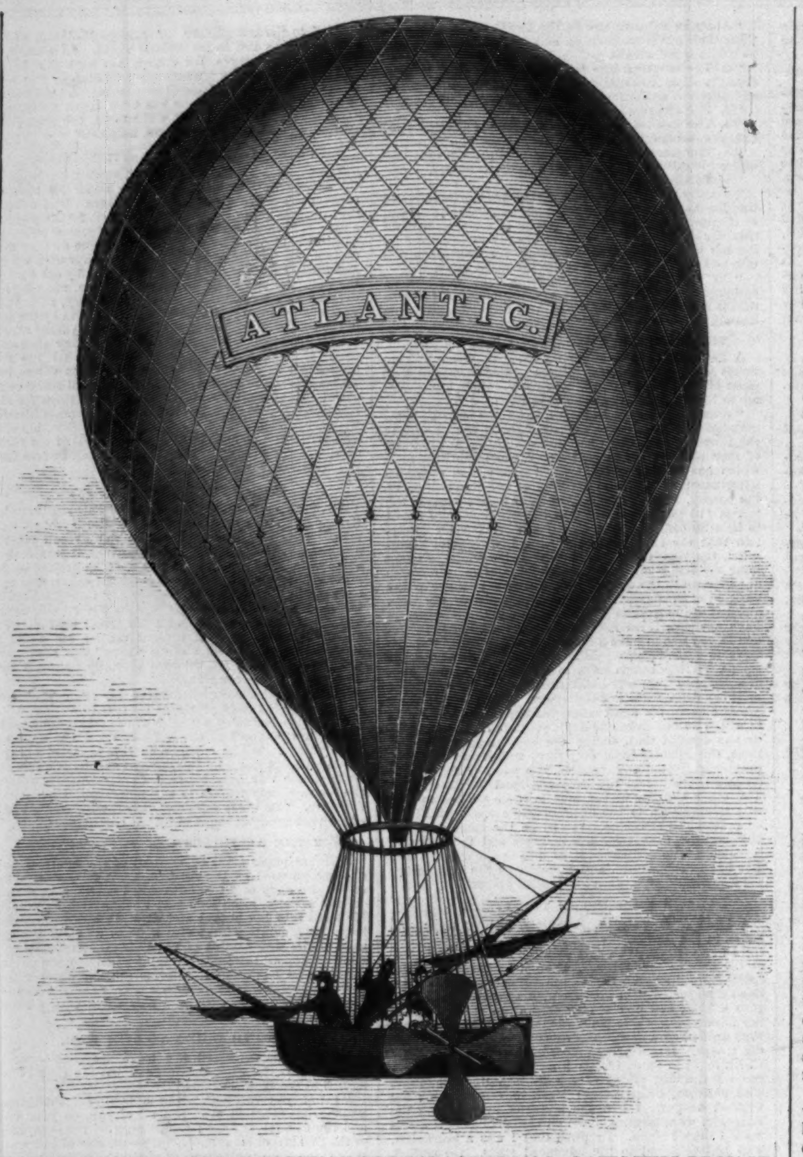
It is said that all the Powers, with the exception of France and Sardinia, had acknowledged, by telegraph, the new King of Naples. The King was proclaimed at Caserta, on Sunday, the 22d ult., and the garrison took the oath of allegiance the same day. The garrison of Naples took the same oath on the 25th ult. The capital was tranquil, but it was feared that court intrigue might give rise to trouble. The King, confiding in his army, was making preparations to suppress any outbreak of a revolution *de palais*. He had ordered the arrest of several suspected persons of distinction. In his proclamation, announcing his accession to the throne, the King avoids making any engagements for the future, and from announcing his opinion on the Italian peninsular question.

THE POPE INVITED TO MALTA.

The Prince of Wales, who is about to travel in Spain—at any rate, in the province of Andalusia—has arrived at Granada, and been received with distinguished homage. A private letter from Rome furnishes the following anecdote of his Royal Highness: "The Prince of Wales, before leaving Rome, called on the Pope and bade him farewell in the most cordial manner. On his Holiness expressing his regret at the unsettled state of Italy, the Prince said he should be most happy to take him to Malta, if he liked to go with him."

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE FROM ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK.

ON or about 22d June instant Professor Wise and two friends will, wind and weather permitting, depart from St. Louis, Missouri, in a balloon, with a view of arriving at a point on the Atlantic shore between New York and Baltimore. We are enabled to present our readers with engravings illustrative of this remarkable event, and a portrait of the leader of the enterprise.



THE "ATLANTIC" BALLOON IN WHICH THE VOYAGE FROM ST. LOUIS WILL BE MADE.

Professor Wise, as his portrait indicates, is a man over fifty years of age, a resident of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and an aeronaut by profession. He is a very quiet, undemonstrative gentleman; and, strange to say, for a man who for twenty years has been advocating Transatlantic aerial navigation, seems any thing but a sanguine enthusiast. Though positive that his views will eventually prevail, and aerial navigation become generally practicable, he is very slow in predicting the success of this or that particular experiment, and keenly alive to the mischances which await the intrepid voyager of the air. It is difficult to realize, after a conversation with him, that the cool, sober, practical man who converses so modestly of his exploits, can be the foremost champion of a science which the public seem to consider purely visionary.

Mr. Wise's first ascent was made at Philadelphia rather more than twenty-four years ago. Since then he has ascended in balloons more than two hundred and thirty times; so that he is at the present time the most experienced aeronaut living. Of course, in so many adventures, he has run some risks. Of these, however, he is slow to speak. Indeed he positively says that "the dangers" the papers say he has run have been "purely imaginary." It is true that on one occasion, when he was several thousand feet above the earth, his balloon exploded, and he came down by the run, the collapsed balloon and car whirling round in eddies and jagged circles, and getting rid of their burden, on reaching the earth, by throwing Mr. Wise ten feet from them. But the veteran aeronaut insists that this was nothing but a successful experiment, illustrating the capacity of collapsed balloons to act as parachutes; and really, this being his view, it is nobody's business to question it. On another occasion his balloon happened to come down in the middle of Lake Erie—apparently a rather awkward accident, had he not been picked up by a brig, and carried safely to land. But, as Mr. Wise philosophically observes, people may say what they like about *his* having run risks; *he* was saved, whereas *the brig* which rescued him was afterward lost in sailing from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands. It was, in fact, the old song over again:

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

After seven years' practice of aerial navigation, Mr. Wise at length began to assert the principle which constitutes the corner-stone of his great theory of practical aeronautics. After an ascent from Lewistown, Pennsylvania, in 1842, he made an entry in his diary to this effect:

"*It is now beyond a doubt in my mind established that a current from west to east in the atmosphere is constantly in motion within the height of 12,000 feet above the ocean.*"

In order that those of our readers who are not familiar with aeronautics may realize the importance of this discovery, it is necessary to observe that, as early as the year 1783, the brothers Montgolfier, Frenchmen, proved by practical experiment that men could be raised to great heights above the earth in balloons, and could descend without always being killed. This single fact established, the science of aeronautics remained stationary for nearly sixty years. Many improvements were made in the Montgolfier balloon. Hydrogen gas was substituted for the smoke which they used to elevate their machine. Great improvements have been made in the construction of balloons, in the selection of materials, and in the regulation of the rise and fall of air-ships. Montgolfier and his successors for half a century rose and descended, it is true; but where, when, and how, were questions which Providence usually relieved them of the trouble of deciding. Our balloonists nowadays can regulate their ascent and descent mathematically, parting with so many pounds or ounces of ballast, and by systematic discharges of gas through cunningly devised valves. The art, in fact, which Montgolfier discovered has been brought to such perfection that, though we can not do much more than he did, we can do it safely, and with comparative certainty in respect to time and place. Beyond this nothing had been achieved when Mr. Wise discovered his *aerial western trade-wind.*

Balloons could be made to rise and to descend; a rapid descent could often be made very near the point from which the balloon had started (Mr. Wise once came down on the very spot from which he had soared); but, as a general rule, the balloon once in air was not only at the mercy of the winds of heaven, but the aeronaut could form no opinion, previously, of the probable direction or character of these winds. He could not undertake to travel in any direction, for he might be carried in the very opposite. Like a Jack-in-the-box, his sphere of action was confined to the perpendicular.

Our readers will now be ready to share the emotion and delight with which Mr. Wise hailed his discovery that, at a certain height in air, an invariable current blows from west to east. For several years after he made this discovery its verification was the principal object of his ascents. Unhappily for him, and perhaps for science, he had not the means to undertake at once a series of careful experiments for the purpose of testing his principle thoroughly. But for many years a balloon ascent has been a popular feature of public festivities in our part of the country; Mr. Wise has often been engaged by city corporations and other public bodies to give éclat to a Fourth of July celebration, or some similar fête, by ascending in a balloon. Whenever this occurred Mr. Wise took care to test his favorite theory. He made straight for his familiar current; and it is gratifying to know that it, at all events, was always faithful, and never disappointed him.

A series of ascents, spread over several years, having uniformly confirmed his views, he sought further evidence on the point from abroad, and wrote to the famous English aeronaut, Green, to know if he had noticed any western current. Mr. Green immediately replied in the affirmative, and gave the statistics of a dozen ascents made in Great Britain, in every one of which he had observed the invariable western trade-wind in the upper region of the air. He had met with it at various altitudes; at 2554 feet above the earth, at 11,000, at 16,000, at 2082, at 12,583, at 3000, at 4300, and at other altitudes. Mr. Green told Mr. Wise an anecdote confirming his theory in a striking manner. On one occasion Mr. Green had agreed to make an ascent from Liverpool. At the hour fixed it was blowing a gale from the eastward, and the magistrates and citizens waited upon Mr. Green to remonstrate with him on the folly of making an ascent while the wind blew from that quarter, as it was evident that the balloon would be blown out to sea as soon as it rose above the earth. The aeronaut, relying on his knowledge of the upper current, refused to be dissuaded; he made the ascent, was blown out to sea at a terrific rate, but boldly continued to rise, and soon had the satisfaction of entering the western current, which blew him back to shore, and landed him safely in Lancashire. Mr. Green had in fact made the same discovery as Mr. Wise by the same experiments, and had the same faith in the western current as his American colleague.

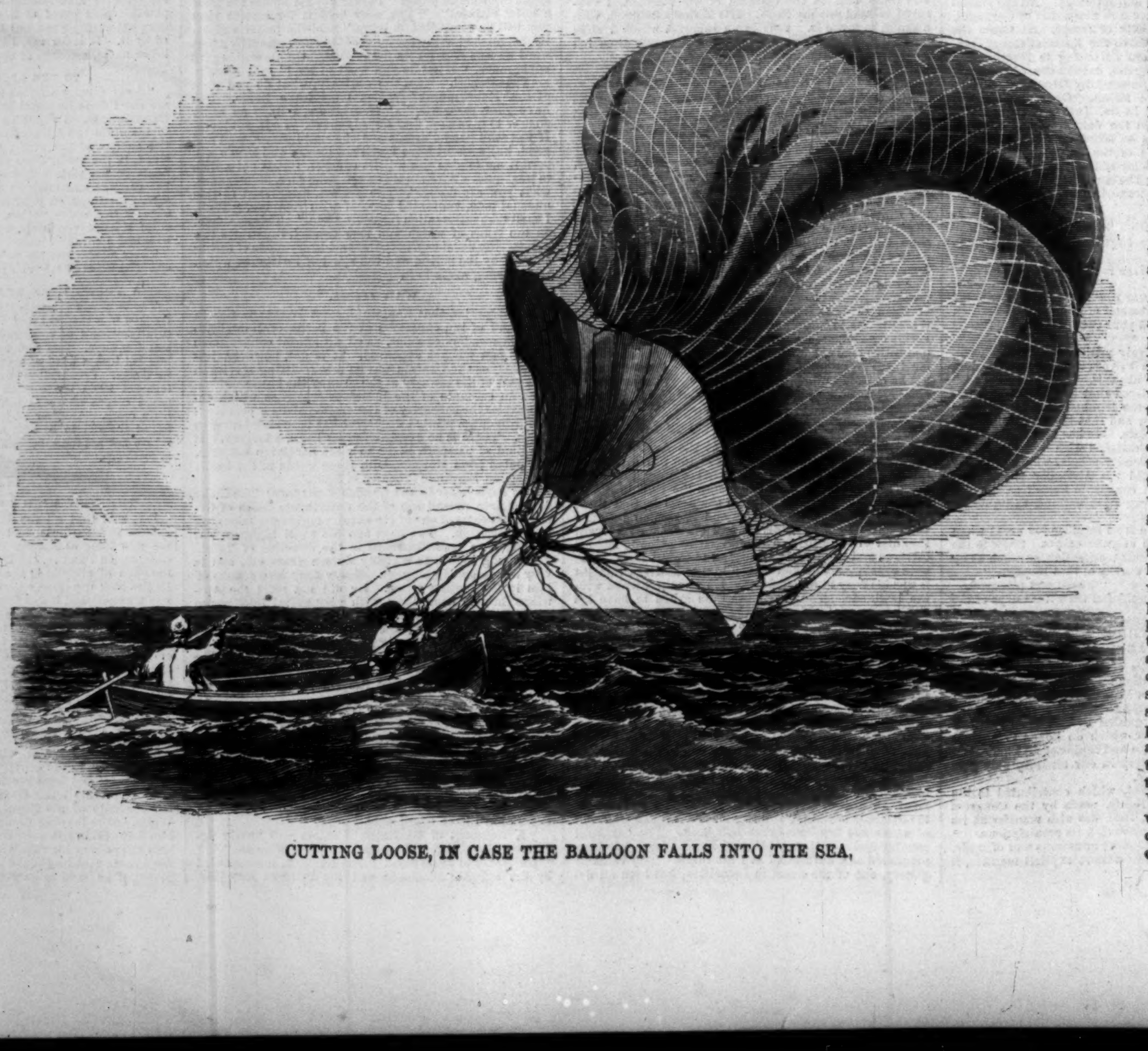
The point thus settled to Mr. Wise's satisfaction, he proposed to turn it to account by planning a Transatlantic balloon voyage. He knew that he could make a balloon which would remain aloft for three or four days, which would amply suffice for the voyage, as fifty miles an hour is quite moderate speed for air-ships; and he knew that the current was there. All that he wanted now was a little of that wretched dross, the want of which keeps so many valuable discoveries in the shade—hard cash. He had no means to build and equip a balloon of the requisite size and strength for a three days' voyage. Nor could the money—small as the sum was in comparison with the enterprise projected—be easily raised. Mr. Wise applied to his friends, who gave him the cold shoulder. He memorialized Congress; the memorial was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, where it slumbers still. He petitioned the merchants of New York and other large cities; they went on selling cotton and flour, and looked upon Wise as a madman. So after years of anxious, weary struggles, the poor aeronaut was forced to abandon, or at least to postpone, his darling experiment; and contented himself by astonishing the public by making short voyages always from west to east, and descending at the point he had selected with wonderful accuracy.

He was indeed badly treated. During the war with Mexico he offered to take Vera Cruz without losing a man, if Governor Marcy—then Secretary of War—would only give him the money to build a big balloon and to hire a few assistants. He engaged to float his balloon a mile above the forts of Vera Cruz, and from that eminence rain down a thousand bomb-shells on the astonished Mexicans, who, as he naïvely remarked, could not bring their guns to bear on an object directly above their head. Fancy the artillerists of San Juan d'Ulloa aiming at Mr. Wise in his balloon, at a height of a mile or so between them and the sun! Unhappily again, Mr. Marcy was one of those incorrigibly hard-headed men who could not be convinced that Vera Cruz was to be taken by Mr. Wise; he preferred General Scott, and again disappointment befell the luckless aeronaut.

"The expenses of our Government," says he, with a flash of acerbity, in his memorial to Congress, "have now reached the sum of $60,000,000 annually. The amount which I ask to demonstrate the truth of all I have said is to the nation a mere pittance, yet to me individually beyond my means. I have stated nothing problematical, nothing but truth made evident by experiments; and to realize the advantages it only requires the public, individually or nationally, to say it shall be done, and it will be done!"

Stupid public! They wouldn't say any thing about it; and so it happens that now, nine years after that touching appeal was written, we are still only on the threshold of the experiments which are, in the opinion of the aeronauts, to demonstrate the practicability of turning the western aerial current to good account.

In May last a Convention of aeronauts was held in this city, at which Prof. Wise was present. It was there proposed and agreed that three or four prominent aeronauts, whose views coincided in the main, should associate themselves together for the purpose of carrying out a series of experiments, too costly for any one of them singly. Professor Wise thus associated with himself Mr. Gager, of Boston, the inventor of a balloon boat with



CUTTING LOOSE, IN CASE THE BALLOON FALLS INTO THE SEA.

air wheels, which we shall describe below; Mr. Lamountain, of Troy, a balloon builder and a fervent believer in the science; and, subsequently, Mr. James P. Gage, of New York, the patentee of a new contrivance entitled Gage's "halyard kedging disc," which we illustrate and describe elsewhere. These gentlemen agreed that the question to be determined was whether long aerial voyages from west to east are practicable; and for the purpose of determining this question they projected three voyages, the first of which, from St. Louis to New York, will, as we said, be attempted on 22d June. If this be successful, the next voyage, from San Francisco to New York, will be attempted this fall. And if that also succeed the aeronauts will, next spring, endeavor to cross the Atlantic.

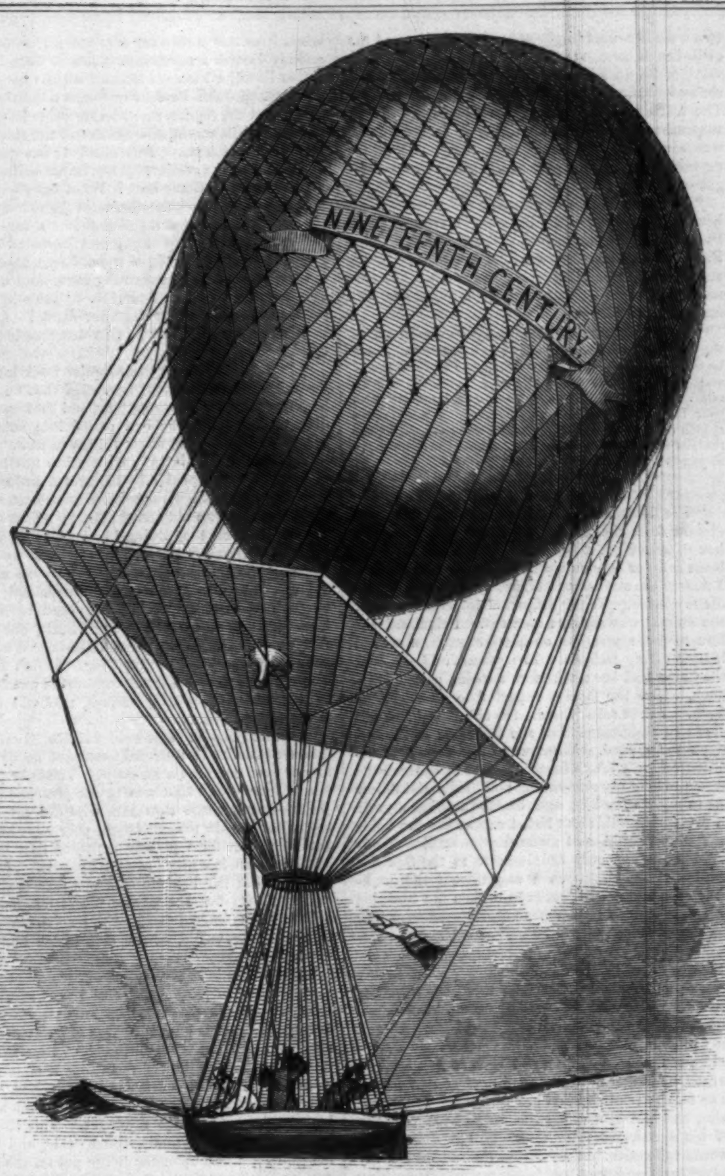
The St. Louis voyage is to be undertaken in the balloon "Atlantic," of which we give an engraving herewith. The balloon "Atlantic," which is entirely constructed of the best Chinese silk, is sixty feet in diameter, and has an ascending power of nearly eight thousand pounds. She is rigged with Gage's boat, provided with fan-wheel propellers, that can be used to elevate, to depress, to give forward and backward motion to the balloon, as occasion may require. The boat is also provided with sails and spars, which may readily be brought into service should the air-ship descend upon lake or sea. The "Atlantic" was projected by Mr. O. H. Gager, of Boston, and built by John Lamountain, at Lansingburg, New York, under the instructions of Professor Wise.

Her crew is to consist of Professor Wise, as director-in-chief; Mr. Lamountain, as aeronaut; and Mr. Gager, as navigator.

The aeronauts say that their voyage is to be made at night, as, by this arrangement, they secure for the latter part of the voyage daylight—a consideration necessary to the safety and success of the enterprise. Should the night voyage not result successfully, however, then they will try again by starting in the morning. To secure to the aeronauts land-marks for the night voyage, a request will be made to ten different municipal corporations along either side of the route to keep their street lamps burning all that night, with such forms of figures, to be arranged by the lines of lamps, as will indicate the place so represented. One may form a right-angle, another a square, another a cross, another a chevron, another a double parallelogram, etc.

Professor Wise wishes us to say that the public must not expect perfect and unvarying success in their experiments, as mishaps may occur which could not have been foreseen. But he also assures us that no effort or labor will be wanting on his part and on that of his associates to secure success. He considers Mr. Lamountain a practical aeronaut of great energy; and Mr. Gager a gentleman of nerve, courage, and clear head.

The other balloon of which we give an engraving, the "Nineteenth Century," is 68 feet in diameter, and is capable of raising and carrying off ten thousand pounds. The contrivance between the boat and balloon is a modified form of Mr. James P. Gage's patent, and is intended to be used in giving the balloon direction, so as to enable the aeronaut to select his particular landing-place, by putting it in his power to glide laterally to the right or left, or to pass further on, or to cut short its forward current motion. It is termed "Gage's patent halyard kedging disc," and its efficiency is to be tried by Professor Wise, according to an arrangement with the patentee. The boat suspended below is so arranged with sails and spars as to be readily converted into a sea-sailing craft, should accident render it necessary. The "Nineteenth Century" was built in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, by Professor Wise, and on his own account, simply to demonstrate the practicability of long aerial voyages from west to east, and in the hope, that the success which he feels confident he will attain will enable him to carry out his long-cherished project of crossing the Atlantic and circumaeronauting the globe.



THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY" BALLOON FOR THE VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Gager's boat, which is represented in the water, was built by O. R. Ingersoll, of this city. It is 16 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 20 inches deep. Mr. Gage has attached to it two propeller wheels of 5 feet in diameter, one on the starboard quarter and the other on the larboard bow. They are so arranged as to be worked at any angle, thereby enabling the aeronauts to use their whole power either to drive them up or bring them down; thus —if the scheme works well—ascents and descents may be managed without throwing out ballast or discharging gas. Mr. Gager says: "It is not contended that the balloon can be driven against strong currents of air, nor is it requisite to the practicability of aerial navigation. If the buoyant power can be taken into the air and retained there, and some mechanical power that will enable us to ascend and descend without a diminution of that buoyant power, we conceive the practicability of air navigation is established beyond a doubt. It is upon the fact of the variable lower and constant upper currents of air, as elsewhere noted, that we base the feasibility of successfully navigating to any given point."

Mr. James P. Gage's disc, which is represented in the accompanying engraving, will not be used in the voyage from St. Louis. An adaptation of it is connected with the "Nineteenth Century;" and the inventor believes that balloons constructed wholly on his principle will eventually supersede the present spherical ones. He calls his machine his "improvement in air sailing upon the bird principle," and describes it as follows:

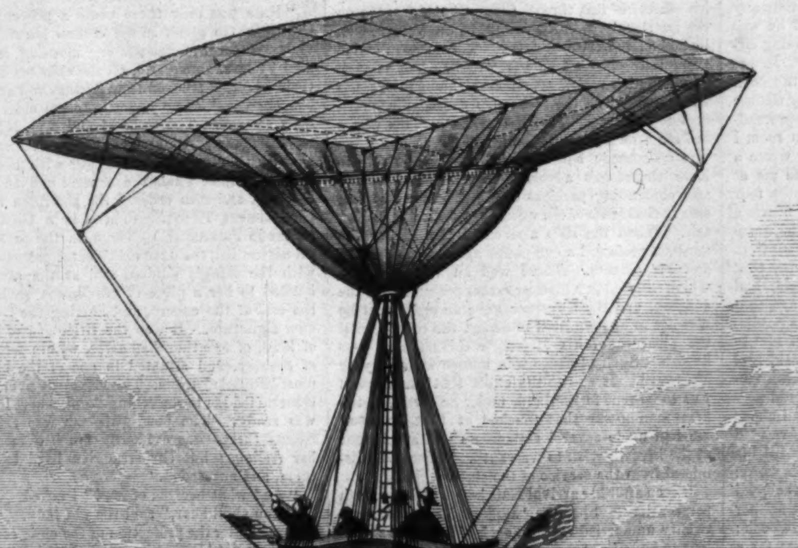
"One form of my present improvements consists of a balloon, composed of silk or other suitable material, the lower or under part of which is semispherical, or round, like the upper part of the common balloon; but the top or roof of the balloon is to be a flat surface, and is retained as such flat surface by means of a netting, from the corners of each mesh of which are lines or cords passing through the roof of the balloon itself, and notted to the meshes down through the mouth or opening of the balloon, where they are contracted and drawn together, fastened to and by a ring, and carried down through and made fast to the car underneath. This ring is permanent and unelastic, and should be made large enough to admit the body of a man. When the lines pass through the roof of the balloon they should be surrounded by an elastic sleeve, closing close to them, pressing tight to the upper connection, and extending downward a short distance below the roof. Another cord is a draw or contracting string, or sheet, as sailors would term it. The upper part of this cord or line encircles the outer suspending cords from the netting, which come through the roof of the balloon, and it passes through small blocks with sheeves, so as to be easily contracted by drawing in, or loosened, so as to enlarge. The ends of this draw-string (which may also be termed a reefing line) descend to the car, so as to be within reach of the aeronaut. The use of this tackle is to draw in the outer suspending lines or close them together, so that the balloon itself can be contracted or reefed by the tackle next to be described.

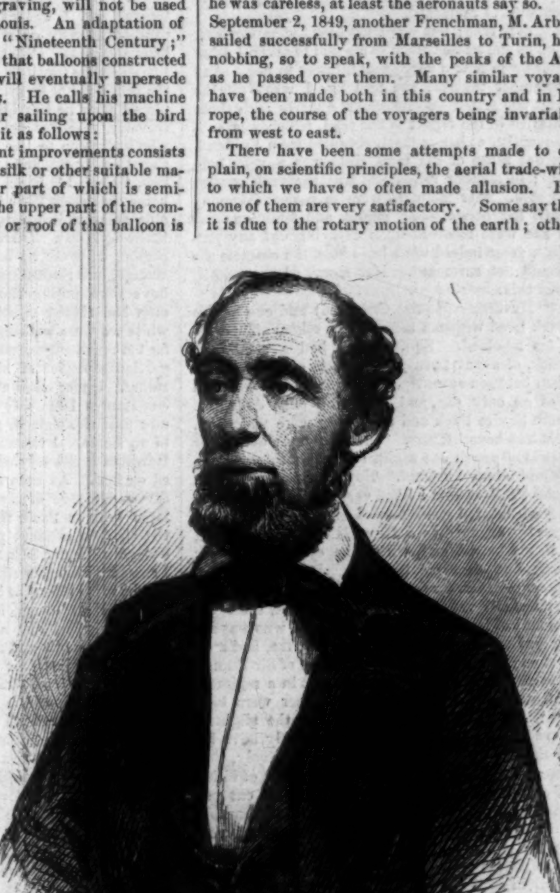
"Around the exterior of the balloon, and passing through suitable blocks, is the reefing line. The lower ends of this line also come within reach of the aeronaut within the car. By drawing up the ends of this line (the contracting line having been first drawn in) the lower part of the balloon will be taken in or reefed. The upper ends of the halyards are connected to auxiliary lines, which diverge from the point where they are fastened to the halyard, and their opposite ends are fastened to the angles of the meshes in the netting, so as to act over a considerable surface.

"The balloon or disc may be round or square shaped, with the top flattened, and be steered any direction by the halyards independent of the elongated car, which, in this case, should be round, as the balloon, while ascending or descending rapidly, *will* move forward in the direction of the side, edge, or corner elevated or depressed. A balloon may be cigar-shaped, with a flat canvas disc underneath, and be managed by the halyards with the elongated centre swinging car, or the disc may be dishing, and be attached within a few—say eight or ten—feet of the balloon, the better to resist the upper tendency, and by the draw-string or other mechanical arrangement, after exhaustion of gas and contraction of the balloon, reversed so as to glide forward on the air in descending, the car a canoe and rudder in the air, a life-boat, if by accident or necessity, in the water."

For the benefit of timorous souls who, from the day this paper appears, will look forward to the death of Mr. Wise as an inevitable event, we may observe that, so far as experience teaches, there is no particular danger to be apprehended on the voyage from St. Louis. Similar, and even more dangerous, voyages have been frequently undertaken and successfully carried out. On January 7, 1785, a Frenchman, M. Blanchard, and an American, Dr. Jeffries, crossed the Straits of Dover in a balloon, and landed safely in France. It is true that an adventurous voyager, who attempted shortly afterward to return the visit, and sail from France to England, was lost on the way; but then he was careless, at least the aeronauts say so. On September 2, 1849, another Frenchman, M. Arban, sailed successfully from Marseilles to Turin, hobnobbing, so to speak, with the peaks of the Alps as he passed over them. Many similar voyages have been made both in this country and in Europe, the course of the voyagers being invariably from west to east.

There have been some attempts made to explain, on scientific principles, the aerial trade-wind to which we have so often made allusion. But none of them are very satisfactory. Some say that it is due to the rotary motion of the earth; others


GAGE'S PATENT HALYARD KEDGING DISC.


PROF. WISE, THE AERONAUT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

ascribe it to planetary influences; others to electrical agency. Professor Henry once hinted that it might be the return current of the Eastern trade-winds. The upshot of the whole is, that we don't know any thing about it except that it exists. It has been supposed, with some plausibility, that at the height where it blows—from one and a half to two miles above the earth—the ordinary causes of winds, the rarefaction and condensation of the air by heat and cold, can not act with any great force, and therefore that it must be of a different family to the lower strata of air-currents. But we know too little of the regions above even to assert this much positively.

It is difficult, in writing or thinking on the subject of aerial navigation, to keep within bounds. On one side, the imagination tempts one strongly to indulge in sanguine visions of the balloon era, when every one shall travel in aerial conveyances, and railroads and steamers will only be used for the conveyance of freight; on the other, a sound, conservative judgment conduces to beget a decided distrust of all aerial contrivances. There is a certain class of people whom nothing could induce to listen for a moment to the schemes and hopes of aeronauts. Between these two the path of common sense will be found.

It is reasonable to expect that aerial navigation will be improved, and will be turned to some practical account—when, how, and to what extent, none can tell. Aeronauts have already done some service to science and civilization. All that we know of aerology, and much that we have learned of climatology, are due to Guy Lussac's discoveries made in a balloon. The battle of Fleurus was won, in a great measure, in consequence of the thorough reconnoissance of the enemy's position, which was made the day before the fight by two French officers in a balloon. It may be excessive to expect, with Professor Wise, that the earth will be circumnavigated by-and-by in balloons; but no one can reflect on the facts of aeronautic history without becoming convinced that more discoveries, and more services to science and civilization, will grow out of air voyages.

KATE CRAWFORD.

"We had several female Specials in Sydney," said an old lady, the widow of a British officer who had long been connected with the penal establishment in that colony; "but the most remarkable of them was Kate Crawford, or Beautiful Kitty, as she used to be called. She was very handsome, certainly, and not more than nineteen when she arrived in the colony."

"What had been her condition in life?" I asked.

"She was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire. In short, she was a lady by birth," was the reply, "and had received the education of persons in her father's position and circumstances, and she was accomplished, according to the standard of that day."

"And what was her crime?"

"Horse-stealing!"

"Horse-stealing?"

"Yes. That was the offense of which she was convicted, and, in those barbaric days, sentenced to be hanged. That sentence, however, was commuted to transportation for fourteen years."

"Rather a strange offense for a young lady to commit," I remarked.

"Very true; but you must hear the particulars, just as she related them to me and to several other ladies who took a very great interest in her. And remember that all she told us—I mean all the facts she stated—corresponded exactly with those detailed in the report of her trial, which was subsequently, at her request, obtained from England. In one sense of the word Kate was a very bold girl; in another sense, she was the very reverse of bold. Her manners were in perfect harmony with her person—soft, gentle, and feminine; but if she were resolved upon carrying out any project, great indeed must have been the obstacle she would not surmount. Her story, as she told it, was this:

"My father (Squire Crawford) and one Squire Pack lived within a mile of each other. Their estates adjoined. Squire Pack had a son, John Pack, of about twenty-four years of age. I was then between seventeen and eighteen. John Pack was an only son, and I was an only daughter. Both Squire Pack and my father were widowers, and had housekeepers. The old people, over their bowls of punch one night, settled that John Pack should be my husband. Now it so happened that John Pack—whom I liked very much, he was such a good-natured goosey—was already in love, and secretly engaged to a farmer's daughter, a stout, tall, red-haired girl, with blue eyes, and a very florid but clear complexion. Just the girl, in short, to captivate poor John, whose taste was not particularly refined. She had, besides, the exact amount of learning to suit poor John, who was not an erudite person by any means. I, too, had a secret engagement with a younger son of Sir Francis Bowman, and who was a lieutenant in a regiment of foot. Squire Pack and my father were both great tyrants, and to have offered the slightest opposition to their plans would possibly have led to their putting into execution, respectively, that threat which was constantly on the lips of either of them: I'll turn you out of doors, and cut you off with a shilling! John Pack and I therefore came to an understanding. We were to be lovers in the presence of the old people; but, to every other intent and purpose, we were to assist each other in corresponding with our true loves—trusting, as we did, to some accident or some quarrel between our fathers to annul the marriage contract they had entered into on our behalf. Matters went on this way for several months, and nothing could be more satisfactory to us young people. John Pack frequently carried letters and messages for me, and I as frequently did the same for him. Squire Pack and my father used to quarrel once in every year, and for a month or two were the most implacable enemies; but at the end of such term, the one or the other would give way, make an advance (which was always met), shake hands, and become as good friends as ever. The truth was, that when the evenings drew in they missed their game of cribbage; for John Pack was a very sleepy person over cards, and as for myself, I could never play at any game except beggar-my-neighbor.

"One morning in the month of December the hounds met a few miles from our house. Squire Pack and my father rode to cover together. John Pack, who had brought me a letter from my lover, accompanied them and joined the meet. The moment they were out of the gate I broke the seal and read as follows:

"'DEAREST KATE.—If you possibly can, meet me on the Halifax road, near The Hen and Chickens. I will be there at eleven, and will wait till two in the hope of seeing you. I have something very important to communicate. *My* father intends having an interview with *your* father the day after to-morrow. I would have ridden over to the Hatch, only you gave me such good reasons for not doing so, or even coming *near* the place at present. In haste.

"'Ever affectionately yours,
"'GEORGE BOWMAN.'

"The Hen and Chickens, a roadside inn, was distant from the Hatch (the name of my father's house) about six miles; and when I received my lover's letter it was nearly half past ten o'clock. I flew to the stables and ordered the groom to saddle my horse. To my disgust he informed me that the animal was as lame as a cat. I then ordered him to put my saddle on Marlborough, a second hunter of my father's. The groom told me that the horse had been taken to a point called Milebush, where the Squire expected to pick him up fresh. I then said 'Saddle the old mare,' and was given to understand that she had gone to the farrier's to be shod. What was to be done? I deliberated for a few minutes, and then ordered the groom to take my side-saddle and bridle and follow me to Squire Pack's; and, hastily attiring myself in my riding-habit and hat, I ran across the fields as fast as I could, and made for the stables of our neighbor. The only saddle-horse in the Squire's stables at the time was a magnificent thorough-bred colt, which had just been broken in; and this colt the Squire's groom was not disposed to saddle for me without the Squire's personal order. Becoming very impatient, for it then wanted only three minutes to eleven, I shook my whip at the groom, and said: 'Saddle him this instant! Refuse at your peril! You shall be discharged this very night!' All Squire Pack's servants, as well as our own, believed that I was to be John Pack's wife; and the groom, fearful of that gentleman's wrath, no longer hesitated to obey my instructions. The colt was saddled and brought out. I mounted him, and laid him along the road at the very top of his speed, perfectly satisfied that John Pack would take care that my father never heard of my adventure, and that HIS father would say nothing about it—determined as I was to have a note for John, to be delivered on his return from the chase.

"It was exactly nineteen minutes past eleven when I arrived at the Hen and Chickens, and found George Bowman waiting for me. He had walked over from his father's house. The colt I had ridden was so bathed in perspiration that I alighted, and caused him to be taken into a shed and rubbed down. While the stable-boys were so engaged, George and I walked along the road, and discoursed intently on our affairs for more than an hour and a half. We then returned to the inn, and I gave orders for the colt to be saddled. But alas! the colt was not in the stable wherein he had been placed after he had been rubbed down, nor was a traveler, who was dressed like a gentleman, and who had come to the inn to bait his jaded horse shortly after my arrival, to be found on the premises, though his horse was in one of the stalls—a horse that must have been a very swift and valuable creature in his day, but then rather old and broken-winded. There could be no doubt that this person, whoever he might be, had made the exchange, and ridden away unseen while the stable-boys were taking their dinner. A well-dressed man had ridden swiftly past George and myself while we were walking on the road; but we were far too much engrossed in conversation to take any particular notice of himself or the steed he was riding. Under these awkward and distressing circumstances I scarcely knew what to do. It was now past two o'clock, and I was anxious to return to my home. I therefore (accompanied by George Bowman to the very edge of our grounds) proceeded on foot. As soon as I was in my own room I divested myself of my riding-habit, and wrote a letter to John Pack, requesting him to see me at the earliest moment possible. It was past four o'clock when my father returned, and the moment I saw him I discovered that he was much the worse for the refreshment he had taken while absent from home. He told me, and it was quite true, that Jack Pack had had a bad fall in the field, had broken his thigh and smashed his head, and that he was then lying in a dangerous state at a public-house not far from Bradford. I begged of him to let me go and see the sufferer. But he said No! and then informed me that he had had such a violent quarrel with Squire Pack that they could never be on speaking terms again. It was all about the settlements, he said; that the old thief wanted to hold off coming down with any money till his death; that he (Squire Pack) had broken his word; that he (my father) had given him a good bellyful of his mind; that he told the Squire that neither he nor his father before him were born in wedlock; and that, after all, it would be a disgrace for a Crawford to have a Pack for a husband. All this distressed me very much; but I still hoped that this, like their other quarrels, would be made up ere long, and that, in the mean time, poor Jack Pack would recover, and Sir Francis Bowman tempt my father to listen to the liberal proposals he was about to make to him with respect to my union with George. It was, however, a frightfully anxious night that which I passed. My sleep, when it at last stole over me, was a troubled one, and my dreams a succession of horror upon horror. When I awoke I fancied that all was a dream—the accident to John Pack, the quarrel between my father and the Squire, the meeting between myself and George Bowman, and the loss of the colt at the Hen and Chickens. But alas! I was speedily awakened to the reality, by my father calling out, 'Kate! Kate! Come here! What have you been about? Here are the officers of justice come to take you before the magistrate!' I ran down stairs, confessed every thing, and entreated him to forgive me. Like most of the old squires, he was a very violent and headstrong man, and on this occasion his anger was terrific. 'Take her!' he cried to the officers. 'Take her away! Let her be hanged, for all I care! She deserves it for deceiving me!'

"It seems that as soon as Squire Pack heard of my taking the colt away, he vowed that he would have me tried for horse-stealing, and thus would he disgrace the man who had called him such vile names and said such bitter things to him. And, in fulfillment of this vow, he went to the nearest magistrate, accompanied by his groom and another servant, and made a deposition upon oath. The magistrate was an old clergyman, to whom Squire Pack had given the 'living,' and who was in the habit of responding the words 'of course' to every sentence the Squire uttered. A warrant for my apprehension was immediately issued, and I was taken into custody. What happened before the clerical magistrate I can not recollect; but I can remember being asked several times, 'What has become of the colt,' and replying, 'I don't know.' The consequence was, I was committed to take my trial at the forthcoming assizes, and was meanwhile sent to prison.

"While I was in those cold and dismal cells my father never came near me; nor did he write to me, or even send me a message. The only person whom I saw—and that was in the presence of the jailer—was George Bowman, who did all in his power to console me, although, poor boy, his face and shrunken form plainly betrayed that he was bordering on insanity, caused by grief. George told me that Sir Francis Bowman had spoken to Squire Pack; but the Squire would not listen to him, and that he had declined to receive the value, or double the value, of the colt which had been 'stolen' by me—swearing that 'the law should take its course.'

"The day of trial came, and I was arraigned. George Bowman had retained an able lawyer to defend me, but his advocacy was of no avail. He urged that I had not taken the colt with the intention of stealing it, but of returning it after I had ridden it. To this the other counsel replied, 'Why didn't she return it?' 'Because it was stolen from her at the inn,' was the rejoinder. This the jury regarded as a very fond (foolish) tale, and found me guilty; whereupon the judge put on the black cap, and sentenced me to be hanged by the neck until I was dead!

"What happened afterward—whom I saw, or what they said—I know not. I was in a perfect lethargy, and did not recover my senses until more than half of the voyage to the colony was completed."

Here the old lady paused for a brief while, and then resumed.

"What Kate's sufferings must have been, when she was conscious of what was passing around her, it would, indeed, be difficult to describe. She had not only to bear the companionship of the three hundred degraded wretches who were her fellow-passengers, but to withstand the unseemly attentions of the Navy surgeon, who had charge of the convicts, and who had become enamored of her extreme beauty. The captain of the vessel, also, fell desperately in love with her, and on several occasions proposed to marry her, abandon the sea, and settle in the colony. The surgeon having heard of this, quarreled with the captain, and threatened Kate that if she ever spoke or listened to the captain again he would have her hair cut off, and that she should be publicly flogged. (He had the power, you know, of inflicting such punishment upon any female convict who incurred his displeasure.) The captain, being informed by one of his officers of this threat, thrashed the surgeon on the quarter-deck, to the delight of the women, who looked on and cried 'Bravo!' The surgeon called the guard—fifty soldiers (recruits). But as each man had his sweet-heart on board, and as the cause was regarded as the 'woman's cause,' the guard declined to interfere in the matter. This was a sad state of affairs, no doubt, so far as discipline was concerned; but it tended very materially to Kate Crawford's advantage. Amidst the strife and contending passions of the two men she was safe in that sense of the word most desirable to herself. When the ship arrived in the harbor the surgeon preferred a complaint against the captain and his officers. There was an investigation, which resulted in a manner rather prejudicial to the surgeon, and the Governor gave an order that he was not to be permitted to depart the colony until the pleasure of his Majesty's Government was known. Such pleasure was known about a year afterward. It was to the effect that the surgeon was to be sent to England, under an arrest, in the first man-of-war that touched at Port Jackson. He had made several statements and admissions at the investigation to warrant and insure his dismissal from the service of the state.

"Soon after her arrival Kate had to undergo fresh persecutions. She was 'applied for' by at least twenty unmarried officers, each of whom was anxious to have her 'assigned' to him as a servant. It was not uncommon in those days for officers to marry their assigned servants and make them sell rum at the back doors of their private houses, or quarters, to private soldiers and convicts at a dump (fifteen pence) a glass. It was by these means that many of them amassed their large wealth in ready money."

"Did the Government know of this?" I asked.

"That is a question I decline to answer," replied the old lady. "But this I know that, when the duty was taken off rum imported to the colony, very few people were licensed to keep public houses. However, none of these gentlemen were destined to be the master of Kate Crawford. The statement she made at the investigation aroused the sympathy of Mrs. Macquarie (the Governor's wife), who enlisted the respect and affection of all who knew her. Mrs. Macquarie was driven in her private carriage to the Factory at Paramatta—an institution to which all unassigned convicts were taken on their arrival in Sydney—and had an interview with the unfortunate girl. I accompanied Mrs. Macquarie on that occasion.

"When Kate was brought by the matron superintendent into the little room in which Mrs. Macquarie and myself were seated, she was dressed in the uniform garb of females under sentence of transportation; the commonest calico print gown, a white apron, white cap without frills or strings, thickly-soled shoes, and no stockings. The dresses were made short, so that the ankles and the lower part of the legs were visible, while the arms were perfectly bare from the elbow joint. Nevertheless, in those hideous garments, Kate still preserved the bearing of a well-bred gentlewoman. There was no low courtesy—no 'May it please your ladyship'—no folding of the hands; but there was a gentle inclination of the head and of the body, and an honest, modest look, which would at once have satisfied the most suspicious person in the world that the girl was incapable of committing any crime. And when Mrs. Macquarie, with a graceful movement of the hand, requested her to be seated, she thanked and obliged the old lady simultaneously.

"'I have not come to see you out of mere curiosity,' said Mrs. Macquarie, 'nor have I come to gloat over the sight of a young lady in such a position as that in which you are now placed. I simply come, armed with the authority of the Governor, to know by what means your sojourn in this colony may be rendered the least painful.'

"On hearing these words of unexpected kindness, the poor girl burst into passionate tears, and Mrs. Macquarie and myself followed her example.

"When she was calmed, and in a condition to listen, Mrs. Macquarie again put the question to her, and the poor girl replied, in broken accents: 'Do with me, or for me, whatever your kind heart may dictate.'

"'Then you shall live,' said Mrs. Macquarie, 'in private apartments, in the house of Mr. Kherwin, the chief constable of Paramatta, whose wife shall make you as comfortable as circumstances will admit of. Under that roof you will be perfectly safe and protected from every species of annoyance. And if you will allow me, I will send you the means of providing yourself with more suitable apparel than that you are now wearing.'

"Poor Kate expressed her gratitude in becoming terms, and we took our departure. Mrs. Macquarie then ordered the coachman to drive to the house of the chief constable, and expressed to that functionary her wishes, which were tantamount to orders; and that very night Kate Crawford occupied a room in the small but cleanly cottage of the Kherwins. They were very respectable people, the Kherwins; and Mrs. Macquarie arranged that Kate was to board with them. I don't know whether Kherwin and his wife were recompensed by a payment of money, or a grant of land, but I am quite satisfied that they lost nothing by the attentions they showed to their unhappy charge.

"Whenever the Major and myself went to Paramatta, we never failed to pay Kate a visit, and have a long chat with her. On one occasion she told us that she had received a reply to a letter she had written to a friend in England. Her old lover, George Bowman, she said, had, shortly after her conviction, become insane, and was a hopeless lunatic in an asylum. Her father had married a young damsel, and had by her an infant son. John Pack, when he recovered, and came to know of the cruel course of conduct his father had pursued, quarreled with the old man, flogged him in his passion, and then married Peggy, and became a farmer on his own account. Squire Pack, too, had married a young maiden, and had made up his quarrel with Squire Crawford.

"Kate was only three years a prisoner of the Crown, or (to speak in the coarser phrase) a convict. General Macquarie one morning, accompanied by Mrs. Macquarie, all the chief officials, and their wives, journeyed from Sydney to Paramatta. The cortége drew up opposite to the chief constable's cottage. The General and Mrs. Macquarie were the only persons who alighted. After a brief absence they returned, bringing with them poor Kate Crawford, whom the General handed into his carriage, and then ordered the postillion to go to Government House. (There is a Government House in Paramatta.) There, in the presence of all assembled, the dear old General presented Kate with the King's pardon, and at the same time handed to her a piece of parchment, sealed with the seal of the colony, and bearing the General's own signature. It was the title-deed of a grant of land, of two thousand acres, within forty miles of Sydney, and situated in one of the best and most alluvial districts. This ceremony over, the old General led her to the dining-room, where luncheon was ready. The poor girl—she was then only twenty-three—was evidently much overcome by her feelings; but she struggled hard to subdue them, and succeeded."

"And what became of her?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said the old lady. "While she was under the protection of the chief constable, Kate was not idle. She assisted Mrs. Kherwin in all matters connected with the household. The cows, the pigs, the poultry, etc., had each and all some share of her attention. And she kept the accounts—for the Kherwins sold the product of the animals which they reared. In short, although she did not cease to be what the vulgar call 'a fine lady,' she made herself a woman of business, and a shrewd one, too—not that she ever took an advantage of those with whom she dealt.

"Now free to do what she pleased, and with a grant of land in her possession, Kate resolved upon remaining in the colony, and devoting herself to farming and the rearing of cattle. Both the General and Mrs. Macquarie were so fond of her, that any favor she asked was at once accorded. She applied for fifteen convicts; they were assigned to her. She then engaged a very respectable overseer—a man of firmness and integrity. She borrowed three hundred pounds, wherewith to commence operations and build a house. At the end of two years she paid off this debt, and had a considerable balance in hand. The wheat and the Indian maize grown upon her farm always brought the highest prices in the market, and she was equally fortunate with her live stock. Many offers of marriage were made to her, year after year, by persons in eligible positions and circumstances; but Mrs. Crawford, as she now called herself, had determined on remaining single. She had built for herself a vehicle called a sulky, a gig which had a seat for the accommodation of one person only, and in this she used to drive to Sydney once in every year. Upon all these occasions she was a guest at Government House. In eighteen hundred and twenty-three, she was the owner of twelve thousand pounds in money, which was invested on mortgage of landed property in the town of Sydney; and in eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, when I last saw her, and laughingly said, 'You must be frightfully rich by this time, Kitty,' she replied, 'Well, if I were to die now, there would be about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to be divided among those who are mentioned in my will. Your boys are down for a few pounds—not that I fancy they will ever want them.'"

"Is she still alive?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the old lady, "and likely to live for the next twenty years; for although she had many days of sorrow, she never had one of sickness, to my knowledge."

[Since the history of Mrs. Crawford was related to me, she has departed this life. The gentleman who gave me this information lived many years in Australia. On asking him what she died possessed of, he answered: "The value of her estate, real and personal, was as nearly as possible half a million sterling."]

MODERN MENDICANCY.

A FEW days since an indigent female called to see me. She snuffled for alms, which I denied her, being displeased with the mingled odor of spirits and onions that oozed from her person. I dislike onions; nor would I care to bestow charity on M. Lamartine himself were he to approach me exhaling the scent of that vegetable. Neither do I desire to be placed under the influence of spirits, particularly at second-hand. So the indigent one became indignant, cursed me and my country, and retired under the impression that she had been grossly insulted. I meant her no harm. The smallest silver coin of the republic would have changed that curse to a blessing; but the last would have been only lip-service, while the first came from the heart. So I got honest words, if not good ones, and saved myself from subsequent spirits and onions, for she certainly would have called again had the first visit been remunerative.

Although the squalid columns of beggary encamping in the old world capitals have, as yet, no counterpart in America, we have, nevertheless, a tolerably efficient guerrilla force, whose work it is to levy the means of existence from those unfortunate citizens who possess a local habitation or an office of any sort. Four walls do not a prison make, nor do they ever constitute a castle impregnable to the assaults of these "free lances;" and after the departure of the lady just mentioned my mind very naturally became busy with the adventurous troop, of which she was one of the humblest specimens.

The decayed clergyman—who does not know him? That man in rusty bombazine and white cotton cravat, who drives a precarious trade in books and pamphlets—moral and harmless enough in themselves, but so wonderfully stupid that a scornful generation left them to rot, high and dry, on the shelves of some country publisher, years ago. He comes in melancholy state, armed with a faded carpet-bag, containing his wares, seeking, through his steel-bound spectacles, for sympathizers in clerical destitution. He is a beggar of talent. He is afflicted with bronchitis or ophthalmia, and draws from obscure bombazine recesses certificates stating the fact, signed by people personally unknown to you, the style of whose chirography seems monotonously similar. He exhibits so great a pertinacity for trade, so saintly an indifference to the value of your time, that you wonder why he did not originally devote himself to traffic instead of theology. His talk has a fraternal tone, his manner an august familiarity which is not pleasing. He takes occasion to allude to the antipodal heathen and their ultimate unhappy destiny; and, with an eye to the pecuniary reward of the missionary, states what might be done for those remote sinners if Christendom would but do its duty, while your own heart, it may be, is sinking at the remembrance of some poor lost sheep wandering from your own fold, and treading the way of darkness and death! And yet, mentally chilled and benumbed by the turbid stream of the man's eloquence, you give him an alms, take his book, and bid him "Good-morning."

The black-haired gentleman, oily-curled, snaky-eyed, hooked-nosed—you have seen him, I think? He bears a dirty mahogany box, and claims to be a Pole of noble birth, exiled for devotion to liberty. You, on the contrary, suspect him to be a German Jew, whose mission is to swindle you through the medium of steel-pens. This nobleman has scrofula or leprosy—the legacy of his Israelitish ancestry, and you sturdily decline to trade with him, lest, in the course of the transaction, the taint in his noble blood should poison the pure though plebeian current of your own. He has an unpleasant way of creeping near you while praising his pens, as if determined to possess feloniously what may not be extorted by the milder and more venial process of deception; and you feel strongly impelled to call upon the police to rid you of the enthusiastic patrician before he shall stain his escutcheon for the sake of lucre.

But when lovely woman appears upon the scene flight is, indeed, your only safety. If you remain, foolishly confident in your own power, you will be lost. Sometimes she may have books to sell, donations to beg for public charities, foreign missions, fairs—sometimes wooden legs to get for superannuated mariners, silk robes for the Reverend Stiggins, and napkin-rings for that distinguished preacher's sickly wife; in any case you must finally yield: the voice of the charmer will be too much for you, and the money will dance from your obdurate pockets to the silvery music of her tongue. You will be coaxed, wheedled, taunted into liberality. The decayed clergyman, the Polish remnant of nobility you may send away—the lady beggar, never! Buy her books, subscribe to her charities, her missions, her wooden legs, black robes, and napkin-rings: do it at once, with a cheerful air, as though the thing were a habit with you, and you rather liked it; then she also will leave you, and you can sigh over the result at your leisure.

And the cash which your conscience tells you ought to be proportionally divided among the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker (who unhappily have *not* gone to the fair), how can you devote *that* to the benevolent purpose of redeeming from bondage the wife and numerous progeny of your colored fellow-citizen who now stands before you, hat in hand, launching from a double tier of gleaming ivory his claims upon your purse? Charitably abandoning the suspicion that this captive family has no real existence, you feel you would like to see them in the North enjoying "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" but you wonder how the jolly-looking gentleman before you (he bears his troubles bravely) will manage to feed his dark-skinned wife and children, should their bonds be broken by the gold of the "white trash." It is a question solved by Time, but often in a fearful way!

Has that strolling North Briton, who dealt in illustrated works, published monthly, at twenty-five cents a number, gone West, or South, or to Canada? Perhaps he has placed the "multitudinous seas" between us and returned to his native heather. May some honest lassie hold him her prisoner and Scotland's henceforth! Doubtless he was a man of good moral character, and I have no aversion to him personally; yet I shall live resigned, if not happy, if it be decreed that we shall never meet again; for if he did not persuade me to subscribe to his book, and have I not for two years, monthly, and sometimes semi-monthly, been receiving and paying for the numbers? Although it was an advantage taken of me in a moment of fatuity, a fanatical belief in mercantile integrity has hitherto prevented me from canceling this verbal contract. I have felt honorably bound to see the thing completed. Yet there is a limit to every thing, and a time will come when a stand can be made and my reputation still be stainless. Six months hence I think I can with honor decline to receive the proffered number, and, as a clincher, with great severity of manner, offer to sell back to the publisher's agent (for the original Scotchman, as I have intimated, has lately vanished) my accumulated stock at half price.

Had he taken the cockney Englishman with him when he departed that Scotchman would have deserved well of the country. Unfortunately he did no such thing. The Englishman is still with us. I saw him yesterday, and the day before, and last week. He scours city and country to dispose of smuggled lace and hosiery, or to sell pictures of the Queen and engravings of the Prince Consort—in which that eminent warrior is depicted in a Field-Marshal's uniform—and other vendible and unvendible trifles. He is an unhappy mixture of the "swell" and "snob" of John Leech, the snob element largely predominating. Is England so overrun with this sort of folk that a certain number of them, ravenous for the almighty American dollar, must yearly be emptied on our shores? Peopled, as she sometimes pretends she is, by a race possessing all the nobler attributes of mortals, combined with the angelic and supernatural virtues of some higher sphere, why does she send such embassadors as these to the unsophisticated Yankee? Her character, even as a shop-keeping nation, can not be supported by such samples. Meanwhile the cockney comes, and, being the worst of all the mendicants just spoken of—being one of the ordained punishments for our national sins—I know we shall always have the British beggar with us. Beyond him, in this line, there is nothing. He has an inspiration for peddling and extortion; he is gifted with a rough impudence which his Yankee competitor, famed as he is in the annals of itinerant trade, may toil after in vain. The Briton is your true worshiper of wealth; and in its pursuit cares less for the filth in the path than one of another country.

And now, ye industrious idlers—ye elect of indigency—farewell! Would it were a final valediction! But such happiness can not be!

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

EXPERIMENTS WITH DIFFERENT MANURES.

MUCH capital and labor are lost in making useless experiments with different kinds of manures, which, for the most part, lead to no exact knowledge. On a part of a given surface of soil wood-ashes are applied; on another part, plaster of Paris, or gypsum; on another, lime; on another, guano, etc., and that which gives the largest crop is said to be the best manure. It may or may not be the best, but whether or not, the result is no exact guide to a rational system of practice, because we have no explanation given of the requirements of the soil and the conditions caused by one manure compared with another. Some farmer who may happen to see an account of such experiments in an agricultural paper or book copies them in every essential particular: that is, he applies to a given surface of soil the same quantity of manure, and of the same kind, as may have been spoken of, and the same crop is grown; but if his land varies much in quality from that of his brother farmer whose experiment he copies, and very unlike results are obtained, he can not help thinking that either the former experimenter failed to give a true account or that he has made a mistake himself. If the former, the latter must be right; if the latter, the former must be right. If both these persons have no reason to doubt the accuracy of their experiments, it becomes evident that like manures have a different effect on different soils. But seldom is the difference attributed to a difference of conditions, because the experiments have been made on the basis of *quackery*, without the slightest inquiry being made as to the character or requirements of the soil. Hence it is that we find one farmer advocating enthusiastically that lime is the best manure, and another farmer who is equally warm in favor of some other substance, which has produced such large crops on his fields that he is satisfied if every farmer knew its importance as well as he does the prosperity of agriculture would be without limit; forgetting, in his enthusiasm, that what is adapted to one soil is not suited to another, and consequently, that what cures one patient will kill another. But all this mode of procedure is groping in the dark, or, what is still worse, permitting our eyes to be blindfolded in the light of day. Chemical science has searched into the nature of the soil, the plant, and the air, and has shown that the word *soil* means several substances rather than one, and that this is also true of the word *plant*, and the word *air*. The soil and the air are the sources whence the raw material necessary for the building of the plant is obtained.

Let it be remembered that the plant is not a single or simple substance, but is made up of several. If a piece of wood is burned, ashes will be the result. During the burning some parts of the wood pass into the air. The housekeeper is in the habit of leaching the ashes to get lye for making soft soap; a large percentage of this lye is potash, which came from the ashes, which came from the plant, which came from the soil on which the plant grew. This substance, potash, is one of the several which compose the ashes, such as lime, soda, etc. If, then, researches have shown that the absence of particular substances in the soil prevents a certain plant from growing successfully, and that supplying them in a proper manner restores fertility, we get at a simple and truthful explanation of the principle which must govern the action of all fertilizers. The word *manure*, like the word *soil*, means more substances than one; and different manures must vary in action as they vary in composition, even if all other things are equal. These principles have their home in nature; nor do we lay any claim to their discovery. The honor of this is due to greater minds. We are but the errand-boy giving the message to our readers.

THE CROPS.

What we hear from our correspondents all over the country about the crops is, for the most part, very cheering.

The fruit crop of South Carolina is said to be quite promising. A writer says: "We do not remember ever to have seen a more encouraging prospect of a fruit crop, both as regards quantity and quality."

The wheat-growers of Pennsylvania are delighted with the prospects of an abundant harvest.

The winter wheat of Iowa looks remarkably well; but as there was not an extensive breadth of land sown last fall, it is feared that there will not be enough to supply the State. Seed for spring wheat was scarce, and not of good quality.

There is good news of the corn crop in the southern part of Illinois.

The next annual fair to be held in St. Louis will take place September 26, 1859, and the millers of said place offer premiums for the best qualities of wheat. Entries may be made up to September 1. Satisfactory testimony must be given of the wheat being raised by the exhibitor, the number of bushels per acre, etc. The premiums offered are as follow:

For the largest and best crop of *white fall wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *red fall wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *blue stem wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *golden chaff wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *spring wheat*—First premium, £125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *club wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, June* 11, 1859.

THE week which ends this day has witnessed an increase of activity in our Money market, chiefly due to the demand for gold for export, and to the prudent policy of contraction pursued by the Banks. Money on call remains plentiful enough at 5 @ 6 per cent.; but 7 is the minimum rate in the discount market, and very good paper is done at 8 @ 9. Exchange on Europe is higher than it was last week, but the remittances have lately been so liberal that there is little or no demand, and the market is dull.

It is understood that the great railroad lines to the West have settled their disputes, and are about to agree on an equitable tariff of fares. This, if confirmed, will cause an improvement in the stock market, which continues sadly depressed.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June* 11, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been very quiet for Breadstuffs, which have been freely offered at reduced prices. Yet the demand has been unusually tame. The alarming frost accounts from the West has not affected trade to any important extent. The general belief is that the injuries to the crops have been greatly exaggerated, and purposely to influence the markets on the seaboard....Cotton has attracted more attention, and has improved slightly....The available supply here is 83,675 bales, against 87,593 bales same time in 1858. The receipts at all the shipping ports to latest dates this season have been 3,596,676 bales, against 2,925,657 bales to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports from the United States so far this season have been 2,674,462 bales, against 2,157,823 bales to the same date last season. The total stock on hand and on shipboard in the shipping ports at the latest dates was 375,633 bales, against 461,489 bales at the same time last year. The stock in the interior towns at the latest dates was 81,904 bales, against 52,973 bales at the corresponding date a year ago....Provisions have been less freely dealt in, and prices have declined....Groceries have been unsettled, Sugars having been more sought after at reduced rates, while Coffee, Teas, Rice, and Molasses have been in very moderate request....Hay, Hops, Sole Leather, Common Rosin, and Spirits Turpentine have been in good demand....Fish, Hides, Hemp, Oils, Tallow, Tobacco, and Wool have been in slack demand....Trade in Dry Goods is quite spiritless at present, and the movements are of insufficient importance, either in their extent or in their effect, to require special reference. Generally holders of desirable goods are firm, and are not disposed to force sales. Some lots of foreign fabrics, however, are offered on much easier terms, such as German Woolens, for which the demand is not very brisk. Clothiers have been buying moderately. The weeks imports of value of Foreign Dry Goods was $724,205, against $407,855 same week last year. Imports since January 1, $48,524,061, against $20,177,496 same time last year.... The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$6 20	@	$6 40
Extra State Flour	6 60	@	6 90
Superfine Western	6 20	@	6 40
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 90	@	8 25
Extra Missouri,	7 70	@	10 00
Superfine Southern	7 20	@	7 50
Extra Southern	7 75	@	9 25
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 25
Jersey Corn Meal	4 20	@	—
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 55	@	1 80
White Southern Wheat	1 65	@	1 90
Red Western Wheat	1 50	@	1 70
Milwaukee Club	95	@	1 20
Chicago Spring	90	@	1 10
New Yellow Corn	90	@	95
Rye	97	@	98
Barley	60	@	72½
Western Oats	52	@	53½
State Oats	50	@	52
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	48	@	50
Southern Oats	45	@	49
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¼	@	11½
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	17 00
Prime Pork	—	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef	8 25	@	9 25
Hams, per pound	8½	@	8½
Shoulders	6¾	@	7¼
Lard	11	@	11¾
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	15	@	19
Ohio Butter, new	13	@	17
Cheese, new	3	@	9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@	5 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12
New Orleans Sugar	5¼	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	42
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	65
Oolong Teas	35	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	27
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	9	@	13
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	60	@	70
Tallow, per pound	—	@	11
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48½	@	49½
Tar, per barrel	2 00	@	2 50
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 85	@	1 87½
Linseed Oil, per gallon	61	@	63
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool	32½	@	55
" Pulled Wool	30	@	50

Freights have been somewhat brisker, rates having declined. For Liverpool—Cotton, ¼d. per pound; Rosin, 6d; @ 7½d. per barrel; Beef, 1s. 3d. per tierce; Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 15s. per ton. Total number of vessels of all classes in port is 570.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavy and lower for Beeves, the supply of which was large.... Milch Cows were in excess of the demand, and prices were depressed. Of Veal Calves the arrivals for the week were fair, but the demand was good, and all sold at last week's rates. Sheep and Lambs were also in good request at full rates. The receipts of Swine were scarcely adequate to the demand, and prices favored sellers.

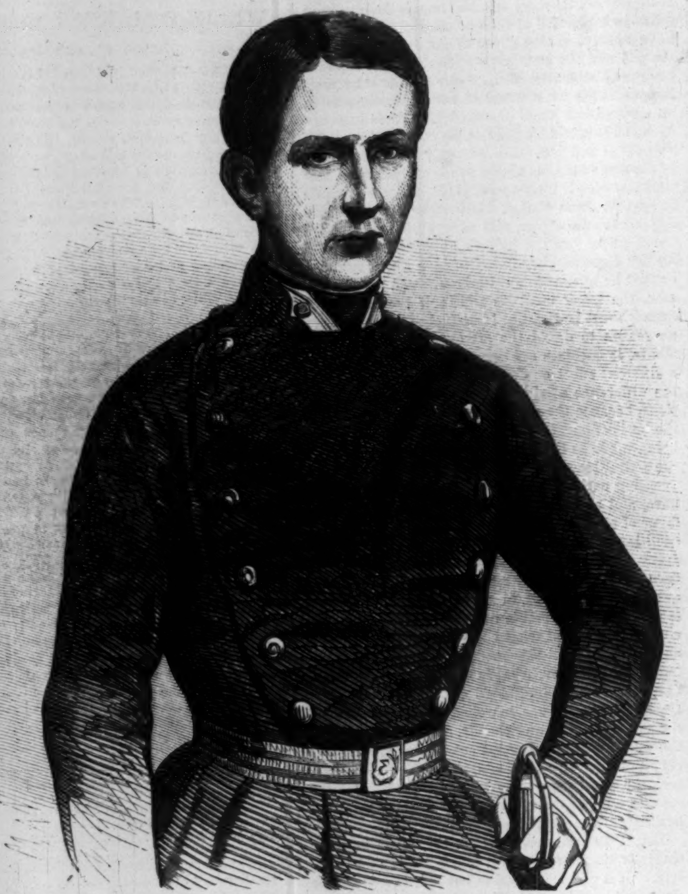
The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 8½	@	$ 12½
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@	55 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	6 75
" " per pound	5½	@	8
Live Swine	6½	@	7¾
Dressed "	8¾	@	8¾
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	1 50

The Country Produce Markets were freely supplied with new Fruits and Vegetables, as well as with Poultry. Prices favored buyers. The demand was good for Fruit and Vegetables, and limited for Poultry. Eggs were less plenty, and were somewhat dearer, though not active.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$1 50	@	$3 50
Cherries, per pound	4	@	10
Gooseberries, per quart	6	@	12
Apples, per barrel	2 75	@	5 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 25	@	2 75
Potatoes, new, Southern	2 75	@	3 00
Onions	2 75	@	3 50
Onions, new, per dozen bunches	37	@	50
Turnips	37	@	50
Beets, per barrel	1 00	@	—
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	3 00	@	7 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Beans, per bushel	1 75	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13	@	15
Chickens, per pound	9	@	13
Chickens, Bucks Co.	13	@	15
Geese, Spring, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys	10	@	14
Ducks	12	@	16
" black, per pair	62	@	75
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 00
Wild Pigeons	1 00	@	1 75
Snipe, per dozen	25	@	1 50



THE NEW KING OF NAPLES.

THE NEW QUEEN OF NAPLES.

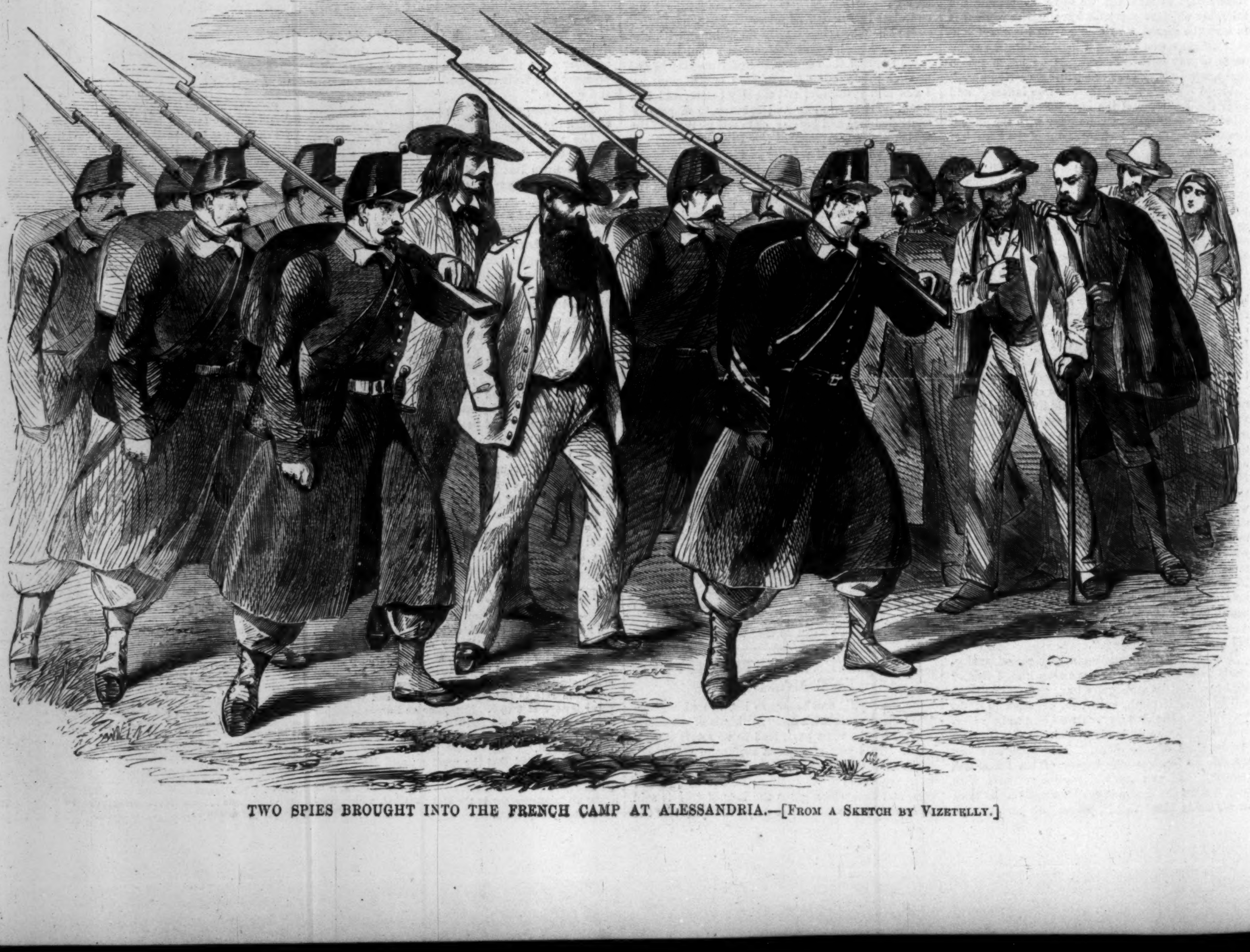
THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE accompanying portraits are those of King Francesco Secondo, who has just succeeded his father on the throne of the Two Sicilies, and of his wife the Queen, the late Duchess of Calabria.

Francesco is the eldest son of that monarch who, under the nickname of Bomba—from his bombardments of his own cities to punish revolutionary movements—became infamous throughout the civilized world. Allowance must always be made for partisan spite in reading popular lives of monarchs who have opposed the popular will; but every allowance made for this perturbating element, it is impossible to study the historical facts of his career without becoming convinced that he was one of the worst monarchs of his day—a type of blind superstition, cruelty, debauchery, and treachery. Ascending the throne in the same year as Louis Philippe, he found his kingdom quiet, poor, and sadly in need of administrative reform and fostering care on the part of the monarch; it would have been rebellious, but Austria took care to prevent that. Bomba let his people thrive or starve as they could; he took no concern about public affairs, save to collect his taxes; his time he divided between very gross debauchery and very silly superstitious performances. In 1848 he met the revolutionary storm with the treachery of his race. He granted a constitution, summoned patriots to his councils, encouraged democratic sentiment, advocated universal suffrage, patronized political clubs, even sent troops to Charles Albert, his brother-in-law. The popular sentiment thus appeased, the King made a secret alliance with the *lazzaroni*, the street populace of Naples, who are always to be found on the side of plunder and brigandage; then, having laid his plans warily, under Austrian counsels, at the first convenient period he proceeded to undo his work. He abolished the constitution (receiving a special dispensation from the Pope to enable him to violate his oath); put the patriots in dungeons, where they perished by the hundreds; bombarded his cities; imprisoned those who spoke or wrote in favor of liberty, put an end to suffrage of every kind, suppressed all public meetings, and taught his soldiers to use their weapons against the best and purest citizens of Naples.

For this great crime against Heaven and truth he was fearfully punished. During the ten years of life which remained to him he never had a day of peace. He was in such dread of assassination that he hardly dared show himself in public, and his meals were all tasted by a number of public officials before he would touch them. Even these precautions could not shield him from the most agonizing fits of terror; though he kept from 10,000 to 15,000 men in prison for political opinions, torturing them with the cap of silence and all sorts of similar fiendish inventions of cruelty, he saw an assassin in every stranger, and almost fainted at the sight of a naked sword. His early vices recoiled upon him in the shape of a complication of hideous, loathsome diseases, for which European science was puzzled to discover a name. His body was covered with putrid sores; he had tumors in various parts (one of them was cut out and burned with religious honors in consecrated ground); his bones were attacked with the agonizing disease known as *osteosareoma*, or cancer of the bone; tubercles formed in his lungs.

If any thing was wanting to the misery of this wretched man, thus racked in body and spirit, the deficiency was supplied by the Jesuits. Under the French rule at Naples the Jesuits were barely tolerated; under the Bourbons, who preceded Bomba, they were allowed to exercise their calling under supervision; under Bomba they became the



TWO SPIES BROUGHT INTO THE FRENCH CAMP AT ALESSANDRIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VIZETELLY.]

rulers of the state, the fountain of all power, the source of all instruction, the keeper of all men's consciences, the thieves of all men's purses, the directors of all men's wives. And of all the men whom these Jesuits trampled in body, spirit, purse, public action, and private life, the most cruelly trodden was King Ferdinand. Him the Jesuits beset with such devilish cunning and pertinacity that had he possessed a sound mind at any time they would have driven him mad. They made him confess twice a day, and perform all kinds of preposterous penance—not for his real crimes, but—for imaginary sins. They taught him to expect a visit from the Virgin in person, and the poor wretch fancied that every sound which disturbed his slumber was her tread, and relapsed into an agony of disappointment when his error was discovered. They made him believe that the medicines he took (which, in truth, could be of little service in such a desperate case as his) were of less use than a rag which the Pope had blessed; and the shivering King, in his paroxysms of pain, pressed the rag on the seat of his suffering, cursed himself that he felt no relief, wept bitterly at having backslid again, and besought his stony-hearted confessors to give him poison, and so end his unendurable tortures.

Even his wife did her share toward imbittering his last moments. Her—a princess of Austria—he had married eleven months after the death of his first wife, the mother of the present King. She set her heart on having Francesco disinherited, and her eldest son substituted in his stead as heir to the throne. Poor Ferdinand had strength enough to prevent the accomplishment of her wish; Francesco was devoted to the Jesuits, and they to him; so the wife failed, though to the very day of Ferdinand's death she persecuted him with her entreaties.

Such was the life of the father of the young King whose portrait we now give. It is a terrible example for him.

Of Francesco himself but little is known. A writer who has good opportunities of acquiring information says of him:

"He is represented as having, under his father, led a very secluded life, being kept at a distance, isolated from court, and, above all, from the city. He was watched like a revolutionist, and was even in close confinement. His education is said to have been ill directed, and his teaching much neglected—not without intention or without effect. While yet an infant he was placed exclusively in the hands of the priests, and they have spared no pains to teach him nothing, and have succeeded to perfection. He is represented as being very assiduous in his practices of devotion, his bed being completely covered with crucifixes, rosaries, and amulets, and he passing the greater part of the day in uttering paternosters and Ave Marias. Timid, and almost shy in the presence of strangers, he knows no one, and no one knows him. The royalists and the moderate liberals attributed to him, nevertheless, the most excellent intentions, and believed him to be kept down by the authority of the King and the hatred of the Queen, and forced, like the ancient Roman, to play the part of a brute until he shall show himself to be a Brutus. They assumed that his exaggerated devotion was but a feint to disarm suspicion, citing various actions of firmness and benevolence; and promise, in his name, immediately on his accession to the throne, the constitution and a general amnesty."

Of his wife a Paris letter thus speaks:

"The only influence on which the most serious minds can found any hope is that of the Duchess of Calabria, his wife. It is notorious that from the first day of her arrival at Naples this young Princess entered into direct opposition to the Queen. It has at present been only shown by small insubordinations, which seem without importance, but which are in strange contrast to the rigid strictness of the Court; an extravagant luxury of dress and passion for pleasure, a taste for hunting and horses; and, since we must tell all, the cigar makes its appearance in broad daylight and in the open air. But the young Duchess has held out against reproof and remonstrance, and proves thus that she can resist and will know how to command. She is very affable with certain persons who are now at the head of the opposition—always the road to power just before a new reign. The General Filangieri, for example, is one of her most favored friends. It is, however, feared that she will not be favorable to the Italian movement. Her family, indeed, owes all its importance to Austria. She, and she alone, animates a little, by her youth and vivacity, the palace of Caserta, which is more like a hospital than the seat of a Court, and has already the appearance of a tomb, closed to all visitors, and hiding from all eyes its royal patient, crowded with priests, who brings relics and miraculous objects thus to restore the poor King, abandoned by the physicians. The palace recalls forcibly the gloomy scenes so strikingly painted by St. Simon, of Versailles during the last days of Louis XIV."

THE CAPTURE OF SPIES BY THE FRENCH.

The engraving on the previous page depicts the capture of two wretched Italian spies, who were lately taken within the French lines near Alessandria. As is well known, their fate will be death. Indeed we hear already of spies being shot, and they probably are among the number. The author of the sketch, Mr. Vizetelly, thus alludes to its subject:

"It is scarcely matter for surprise that strict surveillance should be enforced, as the Sardinians have much to apprehend from Austrian spies. One was taken last Saturday, and shot on the following Monday. He was from Pavia, and an Italian, which makes the matter all the more disgraceful. Two other spies were brought in this morning, and, from their appearance, Italians also. They were escorted to the citadel by some of the 4th Piedmontese Regiment of Infantry. I send you a sketch of the party."

During the Crimean war the French showed a remarkable alacrity in shooting spies. Many persons will still remember the story of an unfortunate German artist who had contrived to obtain permission to visit the allied camp to sketch; one day he strayed into the French quarters, was seized as a spy, and, before he could obtain witnesses to identify him, was hurried out and shot by a hasty colonel, who sent his compliments and a thousand apologies to his family when he discovered his error.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

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BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IV.

CONGRATULATORY.

From the dimly-lighted passages of the court the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day, was straining off, when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defense, and its counsel Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognize in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet no one could have looked at him twice without looking again; even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would always—as on the trial—evoke this condition from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastile thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery: and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed; but they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations that augured well for his shouldering his way up in life.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I am glad to have brought you off with honor, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe."

It clearly being incumbent on somebody to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it; perhaps not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it—"as such, I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver; "I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself."

"I speak for myself," answered Mr. Lorry, "and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and— Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered, "Yes."

The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed, under the impression—which he himself had originated—that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until to-morrow morning's interest of gallows, pillory, whipping-post, and branding-iron should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?"

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

"If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly, "You have mentioned that before, Sir. We men of business, who serve a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House more than of ourselves."

"*I* know, *I* know," rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. "Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, I have no doubt; better, I dare say."

"And indeed, Sir," pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, "I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business."

"Business! Bless you, *I* have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, Sir."

"I think so, too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

"Lord love you, no!—I shouldn't," said Mr. Carton.

"Well, Sir!" cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, "business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, Sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay, as a young gentleman of generosity, knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good-night; God bless you, Sir! I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life.—Chair there!"

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who smelled of port-wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay:

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street-stones?"

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I *am* faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those numskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to—this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate-hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine; while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him.

"Do you feel yet that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction!"

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again: which was a large one.

"As to me, the greatest desire I have is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I."

Confused by the emotion of the day, and feeling his being there with this Double of coarse deportment, to be like a dream, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer; finally, answered not at all.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your toast?"

"What health? What toast!"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then rang the bell and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes" were the answer.

"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was."

This allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free-will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to

THE LION AND THE JACKAL.

do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"*I* don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good-night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat or defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

"Since I must say so, I know it."

"Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, Sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

"Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better."

"Maybe so, Mr. Darnay; maybe not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what it may come to. Good-night!"

When he was left alone this strange being took up a candle, went to a glass that hung against the wall, and surveyed himself minutely in it.

"Do you particularly like the man?" he muttered, at his own image; "why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Ah, confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow."

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER V.

THE JACKAL.

Those were drinking days, and most men drank hard. So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits, that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night, without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman, would seem, in these days, a ridiculous exaggeration. The learned profession of the Law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities; neither was Mr. Stryver, already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice, behind his compeers in this particular, any more than in the drier parts of the legal race.

A favorite at the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favorite, specially, to their longing arms; and shouldering itself toward the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank gardenful of flaring companions.

It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready, and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow; and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, any where, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumored to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings like a dissipated cat. At last it began to get about among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

"Ten o'clock, Sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—"ten o'clock, Sir."

"*What's* the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, Sir."

"What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?"

"Yes, Sir. Your honor told me to call you."

"Oh! I remember. Very well, very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench-walk and Paper-buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door. He had his slippers on, and a loose bed-gown, and his throat was bare for his greater ease. He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free livers of his class, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portraits of every Drinking Age.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time; it may be a quarter of an hour later."

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client; or seeing him dine—it's all one!"

"That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it? When did it strike you?"

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck."

Mr. Stryver laughed, till he shook his precocious paunch. "You and your luck, Sydney! Get to work, get to work."

Sullenly enough the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table, and said, "Now I am ready!"

"Not much boiling down to be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver, gayly, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me the worst first."

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or occasionally flirting with some lighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times the matter in hand became so knotty that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hands in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle, and a fresh application to his head, and applied himself to the collection of a second meal; this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt the jackal again complied.

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past, "the old see-saw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah!" returned the other, sighing: "yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose."

He sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, squaring himself at him with a bullying air, as if the fire-grate had been the furnace in which sustained endeavor was forged, and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of Old Shrewsbury School, was to shoulder him into it, "your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humored laugh, "don't *you* be moral!"

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver; "how do I do what I do?"

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to apostrophize me, or the air, about it; what you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank; I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony; but my opinion is you were," said Carton. At this he laughed again, and they both laughed.

"Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury," pursued Carton, "you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine. Even when we were fellow-students in the Quartier Latin, picking up French, and French law, and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always—nowhere."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and riving and shouldering and pressing, to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in rust and repose. It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past, with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go."

"Well then! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette?"

"*She* pretty!"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why, man alive! she was the admiration of the whole Court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole Court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll!"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathized with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a perspective glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he got out of the house the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert. And wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the morning blast, as if the desert-sand had risen far away, and the first spray of it in its advance had begun the overwhelming of the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honorable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly the sun rose; and it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following is entirely authentic, and is taken from the record:

"In August, 1845, Hon. William Z. Stuart, since a Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, was prosecuting attorney for the circuit embracing, among others, Carr County. At that term of the court, and in that county, a prisoner was put upon his trial for passing a counterfeit bank-note. The proof was direct and clear, and the prosecution able. The defense made no headway at all. But the defendant had a respectable family; and the jury, although perfectly satisfied of his guilt, were loth to convict him. They therefore returned into court the following verdict:

"'We, the jury, acquit the defendant *by the skin of his teeth;* and hope he will do so no more; and that his Honor (the Judge) will give him one of his best lectures.'

"'His Honor' was the celebrated Judge John W. Wright, who was in the habit of solemnly lecturing prisoners who were brought before him. The defendant was lectured as recommended; and it is believed that he did 'so no more.' At all events, he never again had to rely on 'the skin of his teeth' for an acquittal."

The French poet, M. Amand, was one day at an assembly where a prominent figure was a man with black hair on his head, and a white beard to his chin. A lady inquired of M. Amand if he could explain the contrast. "I suppose, madam," he replied, "the gentleman's chin does more work than his head."

ON A MERRY FELLOW.

"I laugh," a would-be-sapient cried,
"At every one who laughs at me."
"Good land!" a sneering friend replied,
"How very merry you must be."

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hapatcong House, Lake Hapatcong, N. J.
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Nahant Hotel, Nahant, Mass.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, are the well-known manufacturers of this celebrated article for the hair, which is now fully established in its popularity, and recommended by physicians and chemists through the United States. Mr. Burnett's abilities as a chemist have enabled him to produce a compound, combining the properties of the Cocoa-Nut Oil, with a peculiar vegetable tonic sufficiently to preserve and promote the healthy growth of the hair, at the same time that it is unequaled as an article for the toilet.—*Taunton Gazette.*

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